

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1105 JANUARY 1958

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Literary Supplement—Contributors: Dr. G. P. Gooch, Arthur Moore, R. C. Mowat, Sylvia Norman, Luke Parsons, Grace Banyard.

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RUSSIA AND THE WORLD

THE events of the last two months have strengthened those elements in Russia which seemed to have been weakening and to have reinforced the position of those who, if not advocating a straight return to Stalinist centralism at home and aggression abroad, nevertheless feel that things have gone far enough in the direction of "liberalism." Two developments seem to have brought about this new situation. Russia has been able to demonstrate to the world that she is probably ahead of the West in some aspects of scientific research and technology. It matters little that this position has been obtained by starving the people of Russia of consumer goods and of elementary comforts which all but the more backward people of Europe have now in abundance. The facts are that all the energy of the nation has been forced into scientific research and technological education, and that scientists and engineers have been turned out at a rate greater than in any other country. There is no need for panic on our part. The Russians have always thrown up great scientists even under the poor conditions of the later period of the Romanov dynasty.

Scientists and inventors of course cannot be produced like sausages from a machine. There is strong evidence that every country has a certain percentage (a quite small one) of its population who have really first-class scientific brains. Each generation turns them out and no more, however much money and resources are spent on education. Conditions have been favourable for Russia to have her full complement of these geniuses. The vast number of engineers, physicists and planners of second grade that she has also produced are getting employment in doing things that can hardly be done in Western Europe because they have been done long ago, namely the opening up of virgin lands. Moreover though the United States and Britain have not succeeded in creating "sputniks," it is all wrong to think that our scientists have not done great things too in recent years. Their results may not have been so spectacular, but much solid work on nuclear physics has been done, as our lead over the world in atomic energy for peaceful purposes and the similar work by the Americans shows. Therefore it is not necessary to be blinded by Russia's success with "sputniks" and to ignore everything else. But the fact remains that Russia may be ahead of the West in intercontinental ballistic missiles and in time may be in a position to do great damage to America in an atomic war, whereas America could reply with less certainty. We do not know if this is so, but we cannot leave such possibilities out of account. The propaganda value for Russia arising out of this in the neutral world of the Middle East and Asia is bound to be great. We shall have to expect now that India, South East Asia and the Arab countries will incline more to Russia than to the West in matters concerning scientific and technical aid, and with this of course goes political influence. This is a war of nerves and we have got to brace ourselves to hold out against the boastfulness, and possibly the threats, of a Khrushchev exploiting the inventions of Russian scientists.

The second development unfavourable to the West and favourable to Russia are the events in the Middle East. Syria for a long time has been, along with Egypt, the Arab state most bitterly hostile to the West. Starting no doubt from their experience with the French, who refused, as so often in their history, to realize that the time had come for a colony or a protectorate

to manage for itself, the Syrians began to believe that they had no enemy but France. After the creation of the Jewish state and the humiliating collapse of the Syrian before the Israeli army, the Syrians next started to rationalize their own cowardice and incompetence by blaming everything on the hated Western Powers who had helped to create the state of Israel. All this has created the psychological groundwork for an approach to the Russian orbit. Though Communism is probably only skin-deep in Syria as yet, the entry of Syria into the pro-Soviet Middle East block along with Egypt is the natural consequence of these developments. The officers of the Syrian army have long had influential members whose minds were working along these lines, and it is the army which for some time past has virtually ruled Syria. The Western Powers are thus faced with a pro-Soviet block on Turkey's right flank, and Iraq is now more isolated than ever. One must therefore expect that Iraq's foreign policy will become more passive than hitherto, with frequent gestures in the direction of proving her Arab solidarity. She seems now definitely to have turned down the proposed oil pipeline from the Kirkuk fields across Turkey to the Mediterranean. Britain of course since the folly and disaster of Suez has lost most of her influence in the Middle East and can now only hope to obtain the best terms possible for the much-needed oil from these parts. But the Americans, who a year ago were so confident that they would succeed where we failed, are now in no better case than we. The Eisenhower doctrine is in ruins. No Arabs are interested in taking money from America to fight Communism. They do not mind the money, but Communism is something to play with and not fight. They can do with the "baksheesh" but without the obligations.

In spite of this unfavourable outlook for the West in the Middle East there may be some openings in the clouds. Saudi Arabia and now even the Yemen, once obedient mouthpieces of Egypt, are showing signs of wishing to follow a policy of greater friendliness to the West. The storm that has blown up between us and France over the supply of arms to Tunisia shows that the North African Arabs are not anxious, unless forced, to climb on to Colonel Nasser's bandwagon. This part of the Arab world may still be kept friendly if the United States and Great Britain show the Arabs that they disapprove of France's colonial policy in North Africa. A new balance of power has been created in the last two months in the Middle East. That balance has shifted unfavourably against the West, but it may be possible to restore the position to some extent. Turkey is the one strong bastion for the West in the Middle East, and we must be prepared for the stepping up of Russian blackmail on this country. Another favourable feature is that at last the United States is beginning to learn something about the Middle East and is ceasing to think that all the trouble there is due to a British Imperialism, still thinking of Boston tea-parties.

Meanwhile what has been happening inside Russia? The latest event, the fall of Marshal Zhukov from his high position, clearly means that for the time being Khrushchev has managed to get control of the Red Army and oust all rivals. The situation after July of this year was that Khrushchev with the aid of the Red Army, in this case Zhukov, had ousted his rivals in the Communist Party and the bureaucracy. Not only out and out Stalinists, like Molotov, but also the supporters of more concessions to the consumers, like Malenkov, were removed from power. After Stalin's death the first

move was to get rid of the secret police which had become an *imperium in imperio*. It looked for a time as if the interests of the consumers might become a dominant factor in the internal political situation. But Khrushchev, who got his position partly by support from Malenkov, turned against further consumers' concessions. He hoped that the drive for more food from the new eastern territories would bear fruit. This has only been partially realized and then not till this last harvest. Meanwhile he has adopted a decentralization policy for industry. This has brought him up against the top administrators at the centre, and he has now had to rely more on local party functionaries and provincial industrial executives. It seems that he has succeeded in this and hence the overruling of the central bureaucrats and the initiation of decentralization in industry. How far it has gone and what success it has had is at the moment anyone's guess. It is significant, however, that a similar industrial decentralization is being tried out in some satellite countries, notably Poland. This idea in fact seems to be running through the Communist world.

Khrushchev has therefore succeeded in holding the reins of power by first eliminating those who were more openly associated with Stalin. He himself was also so associated, but he has so far managed to play that role down. Then he has succeeded in building up support among the local industrial executives and party functionaries and so has isolated the top bureaucrats in Moscow. All this was possible by the support that he received from Marshal Zhukov and from the rank and file of the Red Army, who are peasants first and foremost and not Communists. The Army was clearly developing an existence and a thinking of its own outside the Communist Party. That was the danger that Khrushchev seems to have been busy in dealing with since last July when he exiled Malenkov, Molotov and others. He now started to work against Zhukov inside the Red Army by putting Communists, loyal to him, in key positions inside the army administration. He worked also on the other marshals and generals who were colleagues of Zhukov. He seems now to have felt himself strong enough to bring off this minor *coup d'état* while Zhukov was away doing a tour of the Balkans. It seems therefore that he has now got his men securely entrenched inside the Red Army and for the moment is supreme over all the important instruments of the Russian state. He has got rid of all rivals and seems to be going forward to a position similar to that of Stalin. Yet the situation in Russia today is not similar to what it was in Stalin's days. Then it was possible to make the mass of the workers and peasants of Russia believe that they must tighten their belts to develop heavy industry, scientific research and technical education, that they must accept defence burdens because Russia was being encircled by envious capitalist powers. Today the Russian people know that in some things Russia is ahead of the rest of the world. The technical education drive has borne fruit even earlier than was expected. The people then are not likely to accept a Stalinist policy of belt-tightening when an age of relative plenty could be opening before them. Moreover the people are not afraid now to speak their minds more openly than in Stalin's day and to criticize the authorities by word of mouth and, in a more guarded form, even in print. Khrushchev therefore will have to do many of the things advocated by some of the people he has exiled. He will have to allow more house building to deal with Russia's disastrous housing

problem. He will have to allow more consumer goods to make life a little easier for the masses. Under these circumstances too he is not likely to follow consciously a foreign policy which might touch off an atomic war, although one never knows what may happen with a man who talks first and thinks afterwards. He is one of those types that one often comes across in Russia whose emotions are at times uncontrollable. He is able and an arch-intriguer—again a type that has often appeared in Russian history before, rather like Boris Godunov who held power for some eight years after the death of Ivan the Terrible by playing off one "boyar" against another and eliminating rivals. Yet the basis of his power is narrowing and much depends on the reliability of those whom he has placed in key positions in the bureaucracy, the industrial executives and the army. Of one thing we can be certain: his rivals whom he has ousted are not likely to take all that has happened lying down.

At the moment he is trying to re-establish some of the influence that Russia has had over the satellites and which has been slipping away of late. The attempt at the recent Moscow conference of Communist Prime Ministers and functionaries to recreate something like the former Cominform organization has aroused the hostility of Yugoslavia. Mr. Gomulka has thought it wise to acquiesce, being closer to Russia than Yugoslavia. But just as Krushchev will find it hard to resist the popular demands of the Russian people for an easier life, so it will be difficult for him to reverse the trend in the satellite countries which has become so strong since the anti-Russian revolution in October, 1956, in Poland. It may be possible to steam-roller Hungary. But there are 27,000,000 Poles and in this matter they are 100 per cent behind Gomulka.

M. PHILIPS PRICE

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

THE problem that has beset all attempts to reform the British Upper Chamber is the fear of the Commons that they might become like the Lower Chambers in other less happy lands. The more rational and better the scheme for reform, the greater the alarm that the result will be to strengthen the Upper House. And it is indeed difficult to visualize the scheme of reform that would not strengthen it. Therefore many say of their lordships—and Sir Winston Churchill was among the most eminent who said it, not disdaining a pun—"Refer and end 'em." But maybe it is possible, while not strengthening, yet to improve.

The most impressive case for a Second Chamber lies in the statement for the need for a revising body. With the abandonment of the old Whig theory, which was also that of Godwin and Paine, of "Mininatism" in legislation; with the growth of the volume of legislation; and with the transformation of the life of the Commons back-bencher—who, of old, could be a gentleman by day and a politician at night—into that of one who, today, has to sit up into the early hours waiting to be called upon to stand up, to pass the turn-stile and be counted, as the flood of laws sponsored by the Government flows by—the case for a Revising Chamber has not decreased but increased in force. Even the work of Members of the Commons in committee does not obviate it. Moreover, the method of

election to the Commons, so drily commented on by Sir Norman Angell, does not absolutely guarantee the relevant sagacity of those who sit on the more expert committees. Electors prefer, according to an ancient system, to have representatives who have sprung up, as it were, from amid the very grass-roots and fertilizing agencies of their own localities and hence are truly representative. And, if television has introduced to sudden fame so many and diverse creatures, including a famous ape, known to Americans as "Mr. Fred J. Muggs," and other great apes who have caused us (by their impressionist painting, uncorrupted by intellectual inhibitions) to revise our theory of modern art, and has also among humans destroyed for some hopes of political fame, yet it cannot be denied that skill in this medium of television has politically advanced others. Since this medium rather serves to demonstrate photogenicity than political judgment, not of course the reform of the Commons but some alternative to the Commons, in which less popular qualities would be required, seems to be indicated as wise.

The case for abolition was argued powerfully by Liberals of the purest blood at the beginning of this century. It was echoed by many Socialists later, who had not reflected on Marx's comment in the *Communist Manifesto* that "just as, at an earlier period, a section of the nobility went over to the bourgeoisie," so now "a small section of the ruling class may cut itself adrift and join the class that holds the future in its hands," even in Russia being much decorated for their pains. Solid and undecorated arguments, nevertheless, connected with the functions and machinery of government, point against unicameralism.

How then shall we go about shaping a Second Chamber that shall not be comparable to the dominant Senate of the United States; that shall not be stronger than the present House of Lords; and which yet shall do a competent job in the work of the revision and maturing of legislation? How to design a House that can aid that work of the Executive which, under the British Constitution, is partly developed in the Legislature itself? Negatively, we may say that we should begin by abolishing all hereditary peers. The hereditary principle, acceptable in the case of Monarchy, is not acceptable in the case of the Monarch's peers (among whom, indeed, all being peers, some are more peerless peers than other peers). We accept the hereditary principle in horse-breeding. But the laws of genetics are so odd that it by no means follows that because the sire has great ability the son will have even commonsense, let alone sense in the political field. All we can say is that in distinguished families (such as the Cecils and Huxleys) outstanding ability tends to turn up in every three or four generations. "General ability" being general, the reason for this may be more cultural than genetic. In some ways, of course, the chance of birth and choosing one's father wisely is so purely a lottery that it is one of the most egalitarian things on earth. There is no merit to it. In fact, however, this privilege of hereditary genes tends to be associated with a privilege of hereditary wealth which not only is not democratic but which is exclusive. Anyhow the genes, useful in eye-coloration, may have no bearing at all on politics.

The present writer, in connection with an Oxford university essay of many years ago, recalls reviewing the attempts of Lord Bryce and many

others to offer a solution to this problem of Reform. Bryce himself favoured a scheme for some kind of regional representation. The analogy of the American Senate, with the constitutional right of each "sovereign" State to two Senators, hers looms large and menacing. The representative powers of the Commons could be challenged. Other writers played with the notion of giving peerages to the nation's most distinguished men in the fields of poetry, such as Lord Tennyson, in physical science, medicine and so forth. The Lords was to be a species of variegated Zoological Garden, populated only by holders of the Order of Merit as its political fauna. Although not totally unsound, since these gentlemen would have had contributions to make, many of them of a political character, nevertheless the proposal tended to overlook the specifically political job which the House is primarily called upon to do. The present writer rather espoused in 1920 the view that hereditary peers should be balanced by "Lords of Council," including the chairmen of the county councils, the presidents of the great trades unions and employers' associations, and the like, all during their terms of office. This proposal was associated with the "proconsular" policy of giving peerages to eminent public servants who had gained expert administrative or diplomatic knowledge, imperially, colonially or otherwise.

The objection here is the one already mentioned. Were all chairmen of County Councils "Lords of Council," the representative quality of the Commons could be challenged by an alternative basis of representation. But the introduction of a few, whether by nomination or during tenure of office, would be unobjectionable. If the basic political and moral principle (too often honoured in the breach) of non-discrimination, sexual, economic and religious, were applied, then certain obvious additions to the Lords might be made. While the addition of Lady Astor would be a terrifying prospect to many, there is no rationally conceivable ground why peeresses in their own right should not sit or why new peers should be of one sex only. Likewise, as mentioned by the Bishop of Chichester, so long as there are Lords Spiritual, present by reason of office or election, there is every reason why the Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, whether a Cardinal or not, should be a peer and, whether by nomination or in terms of their temporary office, the Moderator of the Church of Scotland and a representative of the Free Churches also. And, in order not unduly to burden them, they should have at least one auxiliary each.

The experiment of "life peers" was made in a famous instance under Queen Victoria and, therefore, can be regarded as highly respectable. It was not persisted in and the reasons are worth examination. It was felt that it would provide the Government of the day with the opportunity of giving patronage to too many "place-men." And the precedent, it was held, might for this reason interfere with the independence and integrity of judgment of the Lords. The second, especially, is a weighty reason. As to the first, no Government has hesitated to recommend the creation of peers and, in fact, at present the majority of peers are of the first or second generation. The second objection has to be modified in the light of the requirements of the party system and whip. An argument does yet emerge for the retention of a certain number of hereditary peers. This granted, a difficulty arises about the relation to them of life peers were these created. There is a grave risk of a sorting of the peerage into "first-class peers"

and "second-class peers," which would be deplorable and contrary to self-respect.

Most students of Comparative Government are melancholically aware that nothing is less likely to conduce to the 'adoption of any measure than telling the electorate that some other country has adopted an expedient before them. Every country likes to believe that practical wisdom is exclusively its own—although in the nineteenth century many countries (including Japan) were happy to learn from Britain. One method, adopted in the Japanese Diet, for producing life-peers without discriminating about them as such was to summon each heir to a title one junior to his father—in effect, under the British system, to summon him in his courtesy title. This would "kill off" a ducal claim in four generations and an earldom in two. Hence every senior peerage certainly would be hereditary for those who choose to work in the public service, and the relevant bill could be so drawn. But no family would have any hereditary claim in perpetuity beyond a very few generations. It would have the interesting result of making every barony (by far the most numerous class) in effect a life peerage. Those peers who were inspired by the human maturation of interest in their children and grandchildren (but scarcely beyond) recognized in the principle of assessment of death duties in the Rignans Plan, if barons, would have to keep on their toes and work hard for promotion. It would not be the case that they were in the House for life and that was all they could or need do about it. The above proposal at least is one which is understood to have commended itself to the late Arthur Ponsonby. It is very empirical, if indifferent in its logic, and therefore very British. At least, it would overcome some of the difficulty of combining large numbers of life peers, who might otherwise be amphibious in character, with hereditary nobles.

It is patent enough that the modern State must rely increasingly upon the services—and this not only in the back-rooms of the civil service, as in France—of those who have politically relevant expert knowledge to contribute; and that many of those who are expert only acquired their knowledge in fashions that almost preclude undertaking the whole-time job of an elected Member. The need is underlined by the existence of so many international bodies, of which the United Nations is but one, which require, at least in part, Parliamentary representation upon them, at a time when there are scarcely enough elected representatives available if these last are to fulfil the requirements of their constituents and of the House. The course of political prudence lies in being prepared to change and even to be vigorous in experiment, while remembering that the experiments are with a living body which has to preserve, while growing, the tried advantages of a past which connects with the history of the nation.

GEORGE CATLIN.

DEADLOCK IN CYPRUS

VIRTUALLY on the eve of the UN debate on Cyprus, Sir John Harding, has been succeeded by Sir Hugh Foot. This change took place in an atmosphere fluctuating between optimism and gloom. The last of the pending death sentences had just been converted into long prison terms.

Many of the emergency decrees were relaxed, though there was no wholesale amnesty of the nine hundred odd internees detained behind barbed wire without trial or judgment. In the British view any witnesses would be too scared of vengeance to come forward. It would not be in the public interest, moreover, they say, to provide targets for EOKA action. After abiding fairly loyally to the truce of March 14, 1957, Colonel Grivas' terror organization has begun to stir again. Its well-trained members killed a mukhtar (head of community) who had ignored several secret orders to resign; the leading clique was split by some fatal acts of revenge; the security authorities got hold of extensive plans for the renewal of the organization's activities; and finally bombs exploded on the RAF station of Nicosia as well as in the radio building, which always used to be a favourite target of the terrorists.

A fresh outbreak of violence is a loathsome thought to the British. During this two-year period they had lived in an enforced "splendid isolation" and come to resent it. The Greeks on Cyprus avoided all social contacts lest they might be branded as traitors. They had learned their lesson; for more Greeks than Englishmen were murdered by the EOKA.* Thirty to forty thousand troops sat behind barbed wire in a kind of voluntary internment. When town leave until midnight was resumed shortly after the conclusion of the truce the soldiers quickly spent their accumulated pay, a fact which did not displease the Cypriot tradesmen and restaurant owners. Neither were the British officials and those who had come to Cyprus for their retirement years able to enjoy their lives. Bombings and stone throwings were the order of the day. This phase of the war of nerves did not end until a decree was issued prohibiting youngsters up to 27 years of age from owning bicycles and imposing upon them a curfew from sundown to sunrise. All such memories are still fresh and explain the concern of many Britons who saw the only guarantee against any repetitions in Sir John Harding's iron hand. Others take a more positive view of the new development, predominantly those who consider it senseless to hold on to the island, among them many of the younger officers.

At the time of my last visit early in 1952 the strategic value of Cyprus was taken for granted and was hardly ever discussed. Meanwhile the British have given up the Suez Canal, learned their lessons from the events of the year 1956, and are occasionally barred from flying over Arab territory. Even if one disregards nuclear weapons and space satellites and thinks in terms of traditional strategy, it is clear that Britain's vital spheres of interest are far more easily accessible from Kenya than from Nicosia. The exponents of this view refuse to endanger Britain's traditional ties with Greece for the sake of Cyprus with its 530,000 inhabitants. They also oppose further burdening of the British taxpayer who has already spent more than 30 million pounds on various military installations, including large camps for soldiers and their officers, partly equipped with luxurious amenities. Those British elements ready to compromise would be content to retain only Episcopi on the southern tip of the island, which would offer an ideal base for atomic bombers and has a much better runway than Nicosia. This would mean having a base on the island instead of keeping the island as a base. There is a numerically large group, however, who continue to regard Cyprus

*103 Englishmen, 139 Greeks.

still as an indispensable air base, essential to the fulfilment of Britain's obligations under the Baghdad Pact and for the protection of all members of this Middle Eastern alliance, notably Turkey. The recent development in Syria undoubtedly lends weight to this theory. The Mayor of Nicosia, Dr. Themistocles Derwis, assured me that the entire Greek population of Cyprus (comprising 80 per cent of the total) was solidly behind EOKA whose fighters were being worshipped as heroes.

To a certain extent this is probably true in the villages, strongly under the influence of the Church. I visited several fairs and church festivals which are no longer banned. The biggest applause, accompanied by hard cash, was accorded to minstrel singers who recited ballads dealing with EOKA leaders either still living or killed after a heroic fight. Greek inhabitants of Cypriot towns are also disinclined to speak up against Grivas and his followers, though at heart they view the prospect of a fresh terror wave with scarcely less misgiving than the British. Aside from many inconveniences, they fear losses in life and property and drastic searches of their homes. The EOKA terror and the severe countermeasures by the Government make it difficult to ascertain the true popular opinion. In 1946, when Archbishop Makarios instituted a plebiscite among the Greek Cypriots regarding ENOSIS, 96 per cent expressed themselves in favour (excluding civil servants who were not permitted to participate). The plebiscite was sponsored by the Church and the Communists, two powerful factors on the island, and practically no one would have dared abstain. A secret vote, taken under international control, might have reduced the percentage somewhat, but the result would still have been backed by the overwhelming majority. Many Cypriots are in no hurry to achieve union with Greece, but their nationalist feelings would get the better of other considerations at the decisive moment.

On the economic side I noticed many improvements. Thanks to the development grant, new roads were constructed, and progress was made in agriculture, forestry, the educational system, etc. The mining industries have profited from the general boom. Huge building projects of the British Army and the loose cash of the troops (taking the place of tourists) provided the population with increased amounts of spending money, at the same time raising the general standard of living. Whole new streets have appeared in the towns but the villages, too, changed their profile, more stone houses taking the place of mud huts. The increase in agricultural machinery and tractors and the total of 30,000 motor vehicles which make the narrow, curving roads a nightmare for pedestrians, bear testimony to the growing prosperity. In fact, the standard of living is higher than that of Turkey and Greece and second only to Israel in the whole Middle East. While formerly everything on Cyprus was owned by foreign capital, the Church and perhaps some 50 Cypriot families, the recent development has brought to the fore an opportunist, newly-rich class of smaller industrialists, businessmen, exporters, importers, agents and shipping agents. For economic reasons this group would prefer to stay in the Commonwealth, but should not be over-estimated numerically.

Archbishop Makarios, the Ethnarch, remains the key figure. Whether the dynamic and, despite his external dignity, fiery leader is the idealist revered by his supporters, or the ambitious rebel, as many Britons look upon this controversial Cypriot, he alone enjoys the confidence of the Greeks on

Cyprus. Even the Leftists recognize him as their leader and spokesman. If we face the situation realistically we have to face the fact, that the Greek population of Cyprus will never accept a decision not approved by him, irrespective of whether the Karamanlis Government has agreed to it or not.

"ENOSIS," the only slogan of the year 1952, has become "self-determination following self-government." It is sometimes claimed that the new phrase is merely a different formulation of the old, yet an interim period of independence might pave the way to new solutions. It would engender new parties and trends and offer important positions to ambitious men, now biding their time. Each of these, however, by virtue of the clan-like structure of Cypriot society, could count on the support of a substantial number of friends and relatives, including godfathers and the like. Is it likely that these men would willingly relinquish their positions and titles in favour of an administration imported from Athens. At the present time few people can visualize Cyprus as a Dominion, with all the economic advantages of membership in the British Commonwealth and at the same time enjoying unfettered cultural ties with Greece. Political destinies, however, if given time, have a way of taking strange and unexpected turns.

The Turkish Cypriots, a minority comprising 18 per cent of the total population, take their cue from Ankara. I received confirmation of this from Dr. Fazıl Küçük, leader of the "Cyprus is Turkish" Party. In 1952 the essence of all my interviews with Turks on Cyprus was the demand for the *status quo*. Subsequently their policy aimed at reserving their right of repurchase. (Turkey abandoned her sovereignty over Cyprus only in the Peace Treaty of Lausanne in 1923.) Should the British eventually withdraw, several factors would have to be considered. The Turkish minority would have no inclination to live under Greek rule or even to co-operate with the Greek population in an independent state. According to experiences of the Turks in Crete, Rhodes, etc., they claim, Makarios' assurances regarding far-reaching minority rights, religious autonomy, etc., constitute no serious guarantees. Another argument against co-operation is the strong Communist infiltration of the Greek Cypriots, whereas the Turkish element is tradition-conscious and strictly conservative. Some of the bigger towns have extreme Leftists as mayors, and the only trade union of any consequence is Communist-controlled. However, Küçük's claim that 65 per cent of the Greek Cypriots are Communist supporters appears to me rather exaggerated. More realistic, I feel, is Ankara's emphasis on the fact that the island lies only 40 miles off the Anatolian coast, while its distance from Greece is 350 miles. Since Papagos' victory over the Communist partisans there has been no resurgence of such activity, yet the Turks are unwilling to release their Greek neighbours from the danger zone of Communism. On these grounds they refuse to agree to an additional territory under Greek sovereignty being added to the ring of Hellenic islands surrounding Turkey, stating that their southern flank was already menaced by the Syrian crisis. Recent explosions on Cyprus were not confined to secret bomb factories of the Greeks, but some Turkish plants were also blown up. Militant preparations are supposed to lend more weight to the Turkish demands. Under these circumstances the new Governor, not backed by an undivided public opinion in his own country, faces a very complicated situation, compared to which his tour of office in Jamaica must have been a veritable idyll. If, nevertheless, he should

be successful in untangling the knot, for which the backing of the Colonial Office would be a prerequisite, his name would go down as the man who preserved the unity of the West and of the North Atlantic Defence Pact.

A. J. FISCHER

THE PARTITION OF IRELAND

THE consternation of the Free State Government can well be understood when they read in the *Morning Post* of November 7 the forecast of the report of the Boundary Commission which, if it were accurate, foretold the transfer of a portion of the Free State county of Donegal to Northern Ireland. They were familiar with the full memorandum written after the personal interview by Michael Collins, immediately after his talk with Lloyd George at 9.30 in the morning of Monday, December 5, a few hours before the signature of the "Agreement for a Treaty between Great Britain and Ireland" in the early morning of December 6. Michael Collins had pressed on Lloyd George the necessity of a reply from Craig whether objecting to or accepting "the essential unity of Ireland." Should Sir James Craig refuse the scheme sketched out for the acceptance by Northern Ireland of an over-riding Parliament sitting in Dublin, then the setting up of a Boundary Commission would be the only alternative Collins says:—

"I was as agreeable to a reply rejecting or accepting. In view of the former, we would save Tyrone and Fermanagh, parts of Derry, Armagh and Down by the Boundary Commission. Mr. Lloyd George remarked that I myself had pointed out on a previous occasion that the North would be forced economically to come in."

Lord Pakenham, after quoting this memorandum, asserts that Collins got an impression from his talk that Ireland under the Boundary Commission was intended to gain "large territories," and that Ulster, reduced to an uneconomic limit, would probably be "forced in" before long. Mr. Cosgrave had pointed out in the Dail "that the contention of the executive council had always been that the Commission has no right to take away any Free State territory. I go further and say that if the terms of reference contained in the Treaty were properly interpreted and effect given to the wishes of the inhabitants this question could never arise."

Professor MacNeill, the Free State representative on the Boundary Commission, arrived in Dublin from London on Saturday morning, November 21, 1925, and remained in almost continuous consultation with his ministerial colleagues throughout the day. Mr. Cosgrave speaking at Emyvale, Co. Monaghan, the following day said:—

"I learn now that the published forecast, indicating that the Commission's report would recommend a mere rectification of the present frontier, gave a substantially accurate summary of the proposals on which Mr. Justice Feetham and Mr. Fisher were prepared to agree."

Mr. Cosgrave announced at the meeting that Professor MacNeill had resigned his membership of the Boundary Commission. On November 24 the two other members of the Boundary Commission, Mr. Justice Feetham

and Mr. J. R. Fisher, published a statement. They expressed their surprise when they were informed, by Dr. MacNeill on November 20 that he had decided to tender the resignation of his position as member of the Commission. They said:—

"Up to that date, Dr. MacNeill had made perfectly clear his intention of joining with us in signing the Commission's award embodying a boundary line, the general features of which were approved and recorded in our minutes as long ago as Saturday, October 17."

They went on to say:—

"It was contemplated that a statement should be issued at the same time as the award, indicating that members of the Commission had agreed to sink individual differences of opinion for the purpose of arriving at a unanimous award, but not specifying any point on which such differences had arisen."

Mr. Cosgrave now informed the Dail that Professor MacNeill had resigned not merely his post on the Boundary Commission but also his office on the Executive Council of the Free State as Minister of Education. On November 24 an interview took place between the two remaining members of the Boundary Commission and representatives of the British Government. According to *The Times* of November 25:—

"The Commission intimated that the resignation by Dr. MacNeill of his position as a member of the Commission could not in its view be regarded as a valid or effectual resignation."

Dr. MacNeill himself gave a lengthy explanation to the Dail of the reasons for his resignation. He said:—

"That he believed himself to be a plenipotentiary and he had understood that 'he was not merely the representative of the Government or an advocate of any particular point of view, but he regarded himself as the representative of a trust which had been created by Article XII of the Anglo-Irish Treaty.' It was, he said, in consonance with that view that at a very early stage he had agreed with his fellow commissioners to observe absolute secrecy. He added "that it was true that the members of the Commission had arrived at an agreement as to the high desirability of producing a unanimous award."

There was little doubt that but for the revelations of the *Morning Post* Dr. MacNeill would have remained a member of the Boundary Commission. Mr. De Valera, the leader of the Irish Republicans, issued a statement to the Press on November 25. He said:—

"Stripped of its stage setting, what the present position clearly reveals is the intention to leave the Boundary as it is. In other words the people of South Down, South Armagh, Derry City, as well as of the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh are to be sacrificed, although it was on the plea of saving them that the Treaty was carried."

The British Cabinet decided, on the advice of the Law Officers of the Crown, that the report of the Boundary Commission when issued would be a binding document in spite of the withdrawal of Professor MacNeill. In view of this situation Mr. Cosgrave telegraphed to Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the British Prime Minister asking for an interview. Mr. Baldwin replied that he would see him the following day. Accordingly, at 11 o'clock on Thursday, November 26, Mr. Cosgrave visited 10 Downing Street and met

the Prime Minister as well as Mr. Amery, the Secretary of State for the Dominions, and Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary. Mr. Cosgrave remained with the ministers for an hour and a half and a few minutes after he had left, Sir James Craig arrived. He remained at No. 10 for nearly two hours. As an outcome of these conferences Mr. Baldwin determined to see Mr. Cosgrave and Sir James Craig together and the meeting duly took place at half past four. Mr. Cosgrave returned to Dublin on Friday, November 27, and reported to the Executive of the Irish Free State the result of his conversation the previous day. It was arranged that the work begun by Mr. Cosgrave should be continued by three of his ministers, Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, the Minister for Justice, Mr. McGilligan, the Minister for Industry and Commerce and Mr. O'Byrne, the Attorney-General. They arrived in London on Saturday morning and on reaching Downing Street found that Mr. Baldwin had gone to Chequers to spend the week-end. He invited them to join him there. On November 29 an official statement was issued by the Prime Minister as follows:—

"The conversations on the Irish Boundary question were continued at Chequers today. In addition to the Irish Free State representatives, Sir James Craig was also at Chequers in consultation with the Prime Minister. It was now suggested that if there were any hope of a peaceful settlement of the difficulty the publication of the report of the Boundary Commission might be postponed, but the Government have made it clear that this was a matter for the Commission and for nobody else."

Mr. McGilligan returned to Dublin on Monday morning, November 30, with news that made a further visit by Mr. Cosgrave inevitable. An emergency meeting of the Cabinet took place in the Prime Minister's room at the House of Commons on Wednesday evening, December 2. As a result of further talks with Winston Churchill at the Treasury, Stanley Baldwin was able to read out to the House of Commons the terms of "An Amending Agreement, supplementing the Articles of the Treaty," which had been signed the same evening, Thursday, December 3. Article I of the Amending Agreement provided that the powers conferred on the Boundary Commission under Article XII were to be revoked, and consequently the existing Boundary, as laid down by the Act of 1920, was confirmed and—as Lord Carson said when he saw the terms of the Agreement:—

"The territory committed to Northern Ireland permanently by the Act of 1920 is admitted by all parties to be inviolate and unassailable," and he went on to say:—

"The preservation of Ulster territory and the acknowledgment that Ulster has been right from the start in the stand which she has made against any attempts at filching away any portion of that territory is a paramount result, and that under all the difficulties is a great achievement."

The report of the Boundary Commission was not to be published and the boundary was to remain as fixed by the Act of 1920. It was recognized as important that Mr. Cosgrave should take something with him when going back to Dublin which he could show to his people. The British Government by an act of unparalleled generosity agreed to wipe out Article V of the Treaty of 1921 under which the Southern Irish Government had undertaken to pay their fair share of the National Debt and of war

pensions, subject to any set-off that there might be on the part of Ireland, and subject to arbitration if the parties could not come to an agreement. The Prime Minister of Great Britain declared in the House of Commons that the Treasury estimated that the liability of Southern Ireland was £155,000,000. Mr. Cosgrave admitted that that liability, terrific for a small country, had prevented him from launching successfully a loan either in London or New York. The whole of that immense debt and liability was wiped out by the superb generosity of the British Government. The Agreement was approved in December, 1925, unanimously by the British Parliament, and that of Northern Ireland and also by the Dail by a majority of 55 votes to 14 on the third reading. On his return to Dublin Mr. Cosgrave said:—

"The provisions of the Agreement are short but important, and more important still is the spirit in which it was signed."

and he added:—

"I believe that this Agreement, signed in the spirit of goodwill which prevailed between all parties, lays the foundation of a new era in Irish history—an era in which North and South will make a united effort for the betterment and development of the country as a whole and in which goodwill and a security which comes from mutual confidence will bear fruit in the political life of the nation."

Mrs. Baldwin (Lady Baldwin) wrote a postscript to the graphic description which she has left us of the meeting at Chequers where she had entertained to luncheon both the representatives of the Free State and of Northern Ireland. She says: "At the imperial conference later on I met Mr. O'Higgins at an evening party given to the Free State representatives—it was shortly before he was murdered—and I reminded him of that historical time, and his comment was 'The best day's work I ever did and the best day for Ireland.' " On December 29 Mr. Cosgrave in acknowledging a Christmas greeting which he had received from Sir James Craig said: "I cordially reciprocate your earnest hope that we may get into closer touch in the future, for the common good. You will be interested to know that the Agreement was, and is regarded by a very large number of people here, including the professions and business classes as the best contribution so far made by its signatories and their Governments."

In my reply to Mr. De Valera in the public debate at Leinster House, Dublin, in September, 1950, I quoted the preamble to the Agreement of 1925 which said that the British Government:—

"And the Government of the Irish Free State being united in amity in this undertaking with the Government of Northern Ireland and being resolved mutually to aid one another in a spirit of neighbourly comradeship hereby agree as follows."

This was the preamble to the five clauses signed on December 3, 1925, by the representatives of the British Government, the Irish Free State and the Government of Northern Ireland. Is it too much to hope that in spite of recent events, which everyone must deplore, the spirit of this preamble may still prevail in the relations between Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic?

Belfast.

DOUGLAS SAVORY.

MEMORIES OF LORD DUNSANY

THE unique Irishman who left this world at the end of October when the leaves had thinned their gold had shone himself with an unusual lustre. When he wrote verses he wrote in harmonies, for he would allow no novelties to jar upon tradition. When we hear the voice of metre, he said, we recognise the voice with a thrill—the melody of metre is a call to the spirit. Our hearts respond to metre and melody as birds singing and answering over a wide valley. Poetry is the world we know when enchantment illumines it; it takes us to lands that we never knew, lands which are the creation of poets. His own freshness came from two sources: the unspoiled relish of travel, of life, and of Ireland, and a fancy always inventive and astonishing. In politics, none the less, he was an entrenched Conservative with a robust Victorian adherence to the British cause in Ireland as elsewhere. He could see no good in Eamon de Valera, and he regarded Trinity College in Dublin as one of the few places where culture survived after Home Rule.

Fighting first in the Boer War, his mind was as much a soldier's as his life in arms; and whatever he observed between 1935 and 1945 he saw through the murk of battle as the roar of mental artillery booms into the Swinburne music of what he wrote in verse. For like Alfred Noyes, almost his exact contemporary, he did not want to improve on Tennyson and Swinburne. He loved their music and the beauty of their verse and was happy that he could go so far to reproduce it. But in his verse, whether narrative or descriptive, there is another note of vigorous and at times combative comment—an undertone of satire—so that his verse constantly recalls both *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. For Lord Dunsany did not disdain these models: what aroused his contempt was the verse which seemed disjointed or unintelligible—and he could parody Mr. Eliot with a skill that could not but amuse even Mr. Eliot's friends. The tragedy of the moderns he did not understand and did not want to understand. He lived apart from it in open spaces and a twelfth-century castle which bore his name. He was a man who had found a lodgment between Helicon and the heather—a man who loved his pen hardly more than his cricket ball and his gun, and who indeed was arrested by the Black-and-tans because he refused to give up snipe shooting at their orders. He liked every sort of adventure and not only that of imagination. He was both Conservative landlord and a writer of fairy tales. He loved his Irish home and his tenantry who returned the warmth so that they insisted on rescuing him when he was arrested by the British. He was haunted by Ireland's wild beauty. He loved life in the open-air—hunting, shooting, the company of the peasantry and their talk, in which he found the stuff of poetry, of clouds, wind and wild spaces and "the gentle light of evening which is wonder's favourite haunt." He looked at sunset to see the gleaming summits which are carried by clouds above the hills, to see the golden domes that peer over the edges of the world. He was happy when it was night in the world and he could see further into the stars. "In the blood of man there is a tide, an old sea current rather, that is somehow akin to the twilight which brings them rumours of beauty from however far away as driftwood is found at sea from islands not yet discovered; and this springtide of current that visits the blood of men comes from the fabulous quarter of his lineage, from the legendary, the old;

it takes him out to the woodlands, out to the hills: he listens to ancient song." But all this heritage from an elfin past is threatened and outdone by the scientific and inventive man of today. Are we on the edge of disaster? That is the new question which arrests wonder:

Kings, conquests, explorations, laws of old
 Shaped not the fortunes of humanity,
 As our inventions have us in their hold
 To shape the destinies of men to be.
 We scarcely understand the ones we see
 Around us. Man is like a child at play
 Among strange weapons. What catastrophe
 Will come of it we have no power to say.

And the strange weapons grow in numbers every day.

That was written years ago and has proved a pattern for succeeding decades. Our own cleverness, as he put it, looks like becoming our doom.

This was not his only fear for present or future. He reacted strongly against advertisement, and pointed out how much it added to the cost of living. Besides it often beguiled men from the simple wholeness of natural things and sickened them with chemicals. What he insisted so often in conversation he summed up once succinctly in neat verse:

Synthetic food shall wither us away,
 Dust in our salt and alum in our bread.
 The fine white powders that replace today
 The wholesome food on which our fathers fed.
 These are the perils of the path we tread
 While simpler races multiply and thrive
 Till to the white man's city they are led
 Upon our culture's summit to arrive
 And eat the things we eat, which they can scarce survive.

What he put into this verse was worked out in a play on a patent food—"Cheezo." If commercialism upset the course of nature it was an enemy more insidious than Hitler and against either he was ready to do battle, after duly sounding the trumpet and alarm.

He lived close to the animals around him and through imagination entered into their lives. He would comment on a cat having a "Double life," a cat which preens itself so constantly, which has the delicate arts of reposeful elegance, and yet at night discards its ladylike ways for the noisy duel of the rooftop and cunningly stalks its mouse or bird, not without savagery, either, for little fishes. Such were the themes with which he would beguile a guest at Dunstall Priory or Dunsany Castle through golden evenings by mellow lamplight before a fire of coal or great logs while with ringing voice and clearest accent he read his latest composition as his beautifully formed hands turned the page, and his long legs stretched to the glow. He would then banish politics to Elfland, and imagination ruled an enchanted world ringing with music in a succession of words where prose could become so romantic that no barrier divided it from poetry. Of this there are in his works two supreme examples, among plays in "The Gods of the Mountain," among stories in "The King of Elfland's Daughter" and "The Sword of Welleran." There was allegory behind many of his fancies, especially in his oriental tales. At other times he became an Oberon among a

host of fays, or chronicled adventures over the rim of the world where "Orion somersaults among the heavenly throng." Indeed it is in "The King of Elfland's Daughter" that he attains his eeriest effects. Light, colour, music and moonlight and feeling are in the vibrant sense of its enchanted creation: "The marvellous flowers heard as the petals drank in the music and the deep notes flooded the lawns; and all the palace thrilled and quivered with lighter colours; and a charm went over the plain as far as the frontiers of twilight and a trembling went through the enchanted wood. The horns of Elfland have sounded in Erl all day. And though only Orion heard them they no less thrilled the air, flooding it deep with their curious golden music and filling the days with wonders that men felt so that many a young girl leaned from her window to see what was enchanting the morning."

Keen observation was at the base of his evocative power; and as he had an eye for colour and an ear for music, so he was ever ready with a surprise both of thought and of skill. Here is an example:

Again I saw a kingfisher go by
Above dull water, an unearthly blue
No brighter colouring between earth and sky
Moves in these disunited isles. It flew
Straight down the middle of the stream, as through
The gloom and gleam of trees. Its splendid hue
Like a bright dream illumining anew
A life grown grey in streets, or an event
Brilliant and unforeseen when all was somnolent.

Here indeed is the most accomplished workmanship always at the service of tireless fantasy, often busy with astonishing names: Ziroonderel, Narl, Alderic, Ackronnion, Thanglund, Mirazel, Lurulie. The tribe is legion. With all this was a shrewd and often impassioned perception with daily happenings. They are all together in his long Spenserian sequences, such as "The Year" and "A Journey," and these combined with what he put into his plays: "A flash into the ways of destiny," a long experience of life lit up in sudden gleams. Gleams—so Wordsworth called them—like the flashing of a shield.

But though he revelled in Elfland, and a twin masterpiece was his "Book of Wonder," he had perforce as sportsman and landlord, as fighter and politician, a shrewd robust addition to his invention. Actuality and Irish humour mingled with his fantasy. He could produce for those who wanted it the humour of a Jorkins taking his long whisky and hold a London audience not at home with Irish fancy with a keen following of hypotheses concentrated in the word "IF." These plays the better succeeded in London because Norman O'Neill's music added to the atmosphere. In his mastery of words he showed both the fine shot and the player of chess, who won his guests' admiration both in woods and at the fireside.

Those who most delighted in his hospitality, of which Oliver St. John Gogarty has sketched so delightful a picture mirrored in this essay, and in his company (Americans invited him to many lecture tours), relished it the more because with him as hostess was the kindest and wisest of wives who gave both to Ireland and to Kent the charms of her mother, the brilliant Lady Jersey.

ROBERT SENCOURT

THE SECOND EMPIRE

XII. COUNTESS CASTIGLIONE

NAPOLÉON III, like his uncle, was a *grand coureur des femmes*. Of his earliest escapades we know nothing, but during the weary years at Ham he became the father of two sons by a girl from the village. After escaping to London in 1846 he was added to the list of lovers of Miss Howard who accompanied him to Paris when he was allowed to return in 1848. Never troubling himself about public comment on his private life, he took her on his Presidential tours, and some people wondered whether he might marry her in order to secure an heir when the Empire was proclaimed. Not till Eugénie's star had risen was the English mistress packed off with the title of Comtesse de Beauregard and a pension. The Empress could not expect fidelity, and the Emperor had no intention of allowing matrimony to interfere with his Bohemian ways. "I was faithful to her for six months," he confided to Princess Mathilde, "but I need little distractions and I always return to her with pleasure." Three years later the most glamorous and celebrated of his mistresses flashed like a meteor across the sky. In *La Castiglione, le Cœur de l'Europe*, published in 1953, Alain Decaux, the latest and best of her biographers, has reconstructed the thrilling drama with the aid of her diaries and correspondence.

Virginia, daughter of the Marquis Oldoini, member of an old Piedmont family and cousin of Cavour, was married at the age of 16 to Count Castiglione. After the birth of a son the young wife started on a series of *liaisons*. Never had the moral standard of society been so low at the Court of Turin as during the reign of Victor Emmanuel, who boasted with a laugh of his easy conquests and was credited with a score of illegitimate offspring. When her despised husband charged her with being the mistress of one of the Doria brothers, she calmly continued to write and made no reply. Every incident was recorded in her journal. Besieged by a host of hot-blooded young Italians, and unfettered by scruples of conscience, she was ready for any adventure at home or abroad.

Her hour struck when the King and Cavour decided to utilize her pretty face for their far-reaching political designs. The defeat of Charles Albert at Custoza in 1849 had demonstrated the inability of the House of Savoy to expel Austria from Italy without an ally, and where could they hope to find one except in France? The Emperor's views on nationality and his early contacts with the Carbonari were known throughout Europe, but more was needed to transform ideological sympathy into a military alliance. In the winter of 1855 the Crimean war, to which Piedmont had sent a token force, was nearing its close, and it was time for Cavour and his master to think ahead. On the evening of November 16, 1855, during the absence of her husband, Victor Emmanuel entered the drawing-room of the Countess unescorted. He had seen her at Court festivities, but they were now alone for the first time. "The King," she noted in her diary, "talked about people, his misfortunes, his anxieties, the war." A month later, accompanied by her husband and little son, she started for Paris. On the evening before leaving home her journal records that IL (with a capital letter) visited her for the second time and stayed till eleven. An illegible entry is interpreted by her biographer as an indication that the royal Don Juan had added another fair sinner to his list.

Installed in rooms within sight of the Tuileries in January, 1856, she watched the carriages heading for the Tuileries. Her father, Secretary of the Piedmont Legation, opened all doors, and the daughter, still under nineteen, made her *début* at a party given by Princess Mathilde, a friend of Italy since her early days. When the Emperor was announced her usual self-assurance momentarily deserted her, and when he addressed her she remained silent. "Elle est belle," he remarked to Comte de Reiset who records the incident, "mais elle paraît être sans esprit." They met again a few days later at a reception at the Palais Royal and she noted in her diary: "Went at midnight to the ball of Prince Jerome. Met the Emperor on the staircase. Said I arrived rather late." After the introduction to the host, whom she had known as a child in Florence, she was presented to Morny, with whom she talked till two in the morning. A third contact took place on January 29 at a ball held at the Tuileries. By this time she had regained her self-possession and received her reward. "The Emperor came and talked to me. Then everyone looked at me. I laughed." She had just received marching orders from Cavour containing the peremptory words: "Succeed, my cousin, by any means you like, but succeed." That night she may well have felt that the glittering prize was within her grasp.

During the following days the journal records several other meetings. "February 2. A small ball at the Tuileries at nine. Stayed till two. Talked at supper with the Emperor who gave me oranges. February 5. To the costume ball of M. Le Hon where I talked with the masked Emperor. February 21. To the concert at the Tuileries where there were only diplomats. Dined, talked with the Emperor." Cavour now arrived for the opening of the Peace Congress and had frequent talks with his fair decoy. On February 25 he reported to the acting Foreign Minister at Turin that he had engaged a very beautiful Countess XXX and invited her to conquer and, if opportunity occurred, to seduce the Emperor. "She has begun her mission discreetly at the Tuileries yesterday." To Ratazzi, a Cabinet colleague, he wrote: "If I do not succeed it will not be for want of zeal. I have even tried to stimulate the patriotism of the very beautiful Castiglione in order that she may seduce the Emperor." Well might Italy's greatest statesman exclaim: "If we did for ourselves what we do for our country, what rascals we should be!" Since the Dictator had smiled on her she was at all the balls and diplomatic receptions incidental to the greatest gathering of celebrities since the Congress of Vienna. The absence of the Empress from the festivities due to her advanced pregnancy left the field open, and the Countess sailed into the first place without effort. Her days were spent with the dressmakers, her nights amid the gilded throng. Success went to her head. She gave herself airs, neglected her son, treated her husband with contemptuous indifference while ignoring his appeals to curb her extravagance.

How much Eugénie had heard of her husband's latest flame we do not know, but at the end of June the Countess was invited to an evening party at St. Cloud. Robed in transparent muslin, her hat trimmed with white flowers and her hair falling over her shoulders, the sorceress looked at her best. Like an apparition, records Countess Tascher de la Pagerie: "What virtue would have been required to resist her, and virtue was not a quality on which the men at such gatherings could pride themselves. Everyone expressed admiration." She seemed perfectly at ease, steering straight

towards her goal. Illuminated boats stood ready on the lake in the warm summer night, and the host smilingly invited her to join him in his own. In his gossipy journal Count Horace de Vieil-Castel noted that they spent some considerable time on a little islet, that she returned looking a little confused, and that the Empress showed signs of annoyance. "I have inquired of several Piedmontese about the resources of the Castigliones. I find they have only 18,000 francs a year left, and their mode of life needs at least sixty or eighty thousand. The Countess has been the mistress of the King of Piedmont, and I strongly suspect her of intimacy with Nieuwerkerke." The Countess described the occasion in a letter to her Polish friend Prince Poniatowski, who replied that the Empress was fundamentally good-natured and that her attitude was natural to a woman.

At what stage did they become lovers? The answer may have been enshrined in the missing pages of the diary which we may assume were deliberately removed. Shortly after the fête at St. Cloud the Emperor left for the waters of Plombières and the sea breezes of Biarritz, and there was no further meeting till the fair Italian was invited in the autumn at Compiègne. "A miracle of beauty, like a classical statue," commented Princess Metternich, "Venus descended from Mount Olympus; I have never seen such beauty and I never shall." That she was disliked for her arrogance and, in the phrase of another guest, possessed neither heart nor soul, troubled her not at all. One evening when she left a theatrical performance explaining that she felt unwell, the Emperor employed the first interval to inquire what was wrong.

"Yesterday evening," recorded Vieil-Castel on February 18, 1857, "there was a delightful fancy dress ball at the Foreign Office: the Emperor wore a domino and amused himself vastly by mixing with the guests, but his slow sidling walk and habit of twirling his moustache betrayed him. The Countess de Castiglione, who is said to be on the most intimate terms with the Emperor, wore a fantastic dress. Her marvellous hair rippled about her forehead and fell in waves on her neck. Her whole costume, which glistened with gold, was magnificent. Men thought, if they did not say, that they would have gladly changed places with the Emperor. She carried her beauty with insolence and displayed her charms with effrontery. Her neck is truly magnificent, without a wrinkle or blemish, and she carries it erect with the proud consciousness of some Moorish beauty. She is as much a courtesan as Aspasia. The Countess was the feature of the ball. The Emperor imagines he reigns supreme in her heart. Poor dupe!"

Two months later *tout Paris* was talking about an attempt on the Emperor when he emerged at three o'clock in the morning unescorted from the residence of the Castigliones. After he entered his carriage three men emerged from the shadows and tried to seize the horses' heads. The coachman whipped up his horses, knocking down one of the assailants, and drove rapidly away. That the conspirators had chosen that place and time indicated that it was not the ruler's first visit. In the ensuing trial of the Italian conspirators the name and address of the Countess were suppressed in the papers.

A month later, on May 3, Vieil-Castel records another ball at the Ministry of Marine during a visit of the Grand Duke Constantine, where the Countess appeared more prominently than ever, though people were saying she was

out of favour. "The Minister had refused to send her an invitation and she only procured it at the special request of Princess Mathilde. When the Princess toured the rooms with the Grand Duke, the Countess came next on the arm of a Russian gentleman. In the small drawing-room reserved for Princes of the blood, except the Minister of Marine and the ladies in attendance on Princess Mathilde, no one was admitted but the Countess Castiglione." Soon afterwards the Emperor left for Plombières, and the Countess visited London at the invitation of Lord and Lady Holland. In the autumn she was a guest at Compiègne for the second time, and at the end of her life she included in her will the tell-tale injunction to bury her in "the night-dress of Compiègne, 1857." At this moment of triumph the sky suddenly darkened and she resolved to return to Italy. What had happened? The answer has been recently found in a letter to her from her friend Prince Poniatowski recording a conversation with the Emperor. After paying tribute to her intelligence, charm and beauty he added that he regretted her urge to be talked about. "I never said a word to anyone," he continued. "Even Mocquard (his secretary) knows nothing. If there has been talk it is because her friends found her in bed with sheets and lace of great value."

The fall was even more rapid than her ascent. The romance had lasted two years. The blow was to her pride, not to her heart, for love had played no part in the drama. Living in the country, alone with her son, she consoled herself with the thought that her mission had been a success, since she had strengthened the Emperor's sympathy with Italian aspirations. Her fantastically exaggerated claim: "I made Italy and saved the Papacy," mirrors her pathological vanity. Long afterwards she wrote to a friend that, if she had been despatched to France a few years earlier, an Italian, instead of a Spaniard, would have reigned in the Tuileries. "I would not have gone to Mexico like the Spaniard who caused the defeat at Sedan, the destruction of the Empire, and the dismemberment of France." Moreover, she had not given up all hope that the clouds would clear away. Poniatowski, now naturalised and a Senator, did his best for her in Paris. The Emperor had lost all interest in her, he reported at the end of 1858, and believed that she was the mistress of Victor Emmanuel. She must be patient.

She had not very long to wait, for in April, 1859, the Emperor hurried across the Alps to join Victor Emmanuel in the plains of Lombardy. Her husband, now legally separated but still retaining some slight affection for his unloving partner, reported the progress of the brief campaign from the front. The first step towards the unification of Italy had been taken, and she flattered herself that she had played a vital part in the process. Meanwhile she consoled herself with the new French Ambassador at Turin, Prince Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, whom she had met in Paris. As usual, all the passion was on one side, for her lovers, like her husband, complained of a certain reserve even in the most intimate relations.

Bored by her seclusion the Countess returned to Paris with her son in the autumn of 1860 and settled at Passy. She received a few friends, but Vieil-Castel noted two months after her return that no one talked about her. Despite her poor health and neurasthenia she retained her attraction, accepting Poniatowski as her lover from fear of losing his friendship. The prospect seemed bleak, but she had not entirely given up hope. On January 28, 1862, she was thrilled by a letter from Count Baciocchi, first cousin and

chamberlain of the Emperor, announcing that she would be invited to a ball at the Tuileries on February 9 after five years of quarantine. "I did not see a single pretty woman," she recorded scornfully in her diary. "They were all furious to see me so pretty and admired, and their faces were a sight. Met the Emperor who was very embarrassed in talking to me. He asked for news and wanted to say more, but everyone was staring at us. I was very calm." Paris indeed was once again talking of her, and criticisms of her dress in an Italian paper stirred her husband to angry remonstrance. She appealed to Eugénie to stop the calumnies, and on receiving a friendly reply (not preserved) she asked Persigny, Minister of the Interior, to announce that the offending journal would be excluded from France by order of the Empress. A *communiqué*, replied Persigny, would appear, but the authority of the Empress could not be invoked. He suggested they should talk it over, signing himself "your most devoted admirer."

The ball at the Tuileries proved to be a false dawn, for the Emperor had found other satisfactions and they never met again. Her failure to recover his friendship or his interest throws light on one of the disputed problems of the Second Empire. That the dentist, Dr. Hugenschmidt, was a son of the Emperor has been generally concluded from the fact that he was often the playmate of the Prince Imperial to whom he bore a striking resemblance; that he was entrusted to Dr. Evans, the family dentist, who taught him his trade; that he visited the fallen ruler at Chislehurst and kept in touch with Eugénie till her death; and that he was a close friend of Prince Victor, eldest son of Prince Napoleon. His executor, on the contrary, affirms that he was the legitimate son of Hugenschmidt, major domo of the Court. He himself apparently believed not merely that he was the son of the Emperor but that the Countess Castiglione was his mother. Walking with a friend one day along the Rue Cambon, he pointed to a house and remarked: "That is where my mother died." "Your mother?" exclaimed his companion. "Yes, the Comtesse de Castiglione." Another witness testifies to having seen her portrait at the head of his bed. Her surviving diaries and correspondence, on the other hand, contain no reference to Hugenschmidt, and her latest biographer rejects any connection on the ground that in her efforts to regain favour she would have played her trump card had she held one in her hand.

Resuming her shattered life at Passy she consoled herself with a Jewish banker named Bauer, who was followed by other admirers, French and Italians, for her *liaisons* rarely lasted long. Except for Prince Napoleon no member of the Bonaparte family took notice of her. On the death of her husband in 1867 she returned to Italy, and was welcomed by the amorous King who granted her a pension; but he too gradually wearied of her requests for money. Reminding him that he was the father of a child "of whom I am the mother," she begged not only for cash but for recognition of their son. Whether the King acknowledged his paternity, and indeed whether she invented the story, we do not know. Her last appearance on the European stage occurred after Sedan when she assisted Thiers in his vain efforts to bring Italy into the war. Returning to Paris after the *débâcle* she lingered on till the close of the century, poor and lonely, frustrated and forgotten. Dreading the scrutiny of the world when her beauty of face and figure was gone; she emerged after dusk with her dogs, wandering among

the scenes of her former triumphs and gazing at the vacant space where the Tuileries had stood. Certain coveted prizes she had won, not by heart nor brain, but by her pretty face. Richer rewards—the love and respect of her fellows—she never strove to win.

G. P. GOOCH

(To be continued.)

HONG KONG

THE modern historian, however partisan he may be, no longer denies that the way some of the colonies were acquired by the world's colonial powers scarcely does them much credit. There were pirates and adventurers in those days and they were not too particular about their doings. Hong Kong was ceded outright to Great Britain by the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, which brought to an end that unsavoury episode which came to be called the Opium War and—what was far more important than the opium question—opened an unwilling China to western trade. In Canton, Shanghai, Ningpo, Foochow and Amoy, British traders now had equal rights with their Chinese counterparts. They were not subject to Chinese laws and were too far from home to be adequately controlled by their own government. The Chinese, who had signed the treaty under duress, inevitably resented the foreign devils, and were probably happier when the latter confined their activities to the island which had been ceded to them. That was a barren rock of no use to anybody. Yet when the Japanese captured it 100 years later, it was far from being a barren rock only 32 square miles in area. In 1860 a tiny island and the tip of Kowloon—the peninsula jutting out from the mainland opposite Hong Kong—was added to the colony; this too was ceded outright. And in 1898 this Kowloon holding was extended still farther by the leasing of the rest of Kowloon and 75 adjacent islands, which brought the total area of the colony to nearly 391 square miles. The lease was to run for 99 years.

Nobody can argue that Hong Kong was a splendidly prosperous island port which was wrested from China by the western barbarians. It was a trophy of war, true enough; but at the time the Chinese probably regarded it as the least of all claims to which they were forced to yield. If the people who, as the dying Emperor Hsien Feng later said, seemed always to be going to war with somebody had demanded no more than this barren island, the Chinese would have been better pleased. Yet the corridors of history have some strange turnings. Today Hong Kong is one of the great entrepôt ports of the world, strategically placed on the sea route to the Far East; yet she is no longer the southern gateway to a crumbling Chinese Empire, but an island none too sure of her own destiny off the shores of one of the great powers on the twentieth century. Of course there was some drum and chest beating during the early days of the Communist take-over in China; but that has long since given way to a realization that Hong Kong cannot be defended against an all-out attack from the mainland. Its defence even for a short time would depend on American bombers based on Formosa. Hong Kong today, like its neighbour Macao, exists on sufferance. Its small forces, like the obsolete cannon which point their empty muzzles seawards from Macao's Monte Fort, threaten nobody; they do not affect the balance of power.

A few months ago I paid a second visit to Hong Kong. Though much the same as I remembered it 10 years previously, I was continually finding myself in places I did not recognize. New buildings have been going up at a phenomenal rate. I asked a Chinese doctor friend about it. "If you've got any money, put it into building hotels or apartments. That's the way to make a fortune here." "But what about Hong Kong's long-term future?" I said. "Surely people are not willing to invest money in anything so non-liquid as buildings?" My friend laughed: "It is not a question of long-term. It only takes from three to five years to get your money back. After that it is all profit." I saw the point. Rents are so high in Hong Kong that an investor only has to have a certain minimum short-term confidence in the *status quo*. Most of the investors are wealthy Chinese anyway; and nobody is more skilled at looking after himself than a wealthy Chinese. Whatever happens to the colony, it is not likely to pass out of Chinese hands. Almost certainly the present investors have made arrangements to cope with any eventuality they fear.

There have always been slums in Hong Kong. Is there a city in the world without them? The bulk of the slum tenements where the Chinese dwell were built in the middle of the nineteenth century when town planning was virtually unknown. Packed together back to back, separated by narrow alleys festooned with colourful washing strung on bamboo poles, the slums of Hong Kong have always been a glaring contrast to the splendid apartments and houses of the Peak. Every visitor and journalist makes the inevitable comparison. If Hong Kong is a shop window of the Free World, there are some unfortunate things in it. It is not the Government's fault. Hong Kong was founded as a trading post when there were few Chinese on the island. The Government established law and order and made it clear that anyone was welcome to come and trade and settle down. The Chinese who did come to settle in the first tenements of Victoria were used to overcrowding and bad sanitation. The cities of China were just as bad or worse. This was the way they expected to live and bring up their children.

I noticed a bigger problem than the slums: the appalling numbers of refugees whose coming has put on the shoulders of the Government of a tiny colony a burden which it cannot reasonably be expected to carry alone. The population increase since 1939 has been just under a million. Nearly two and a half million people—more than the population of New Zealand—now live on the 391 square miles that make up the colony. But even these figures conceal the extent of the problem. For less than a sixth of this area is fit to be used either for farming or building; and this pushes the density figures for Kowloon up to 2,000 an acre, probably the highest anywhere in the world. Hong Kong is spilling over with people; they are its biggest problem. For the squatters of Hong Kong one is filled with pity; and certainly pity influenced the Government's decision to allow families who had been displaced by a political upheaval in the heart of China to flow over the border into the New Territories. It was, in any case, a traditional policy that the Chinese should be free to come and go as they please. The real trouble in the last decade is that they have been coming but not going. Yet a halt was not called to the influx until it was clear that there was not the remotest chance of settling any more. So hundreds of thousands squatted in hovels made from bits of wood and tin and cardboard and

paper, menaced by disease and frighteningly sudden outbreaks of fire. They squatted on the steep hillsides and on the edges of the towns. When the rain fell they were flooded out; when someone dropped a match in the wrong place they either burnt to death or were once more without a hovel they could call home. Welfare workers struggled vainly against the tide. Squatting was not a new thing in the colony. It started after the war when people either could not find houses or could not afford the rents. Sometimes squatter shacks were even built on the flat roofs of tenements. This was a new challenge of appalling dimensions. Humanitarian considerations apart, it was a threat far more dangerous than the change of government in China had provided. This vast army of homeless and unfed was a menace to public order. The pressures exerted by people who have nothing to lose can never be ignored.

In October, 1956, during the Chinese Double Tenth celebrations, serious riots occurred. I talked to a Chinese business man who was a Special Constable and had been called up. "There was blood everywhere," he said. "I nearly got my head knocked off. Thank the Lord they didn't have guns!" This affair, which accounted for 59 deaths and nearly 400 other casualties, seems to have been started by Kuomintang sympathisers attacking people flying Communist flags. The Communist flag is much less in favour nowadays as one would expect in a colony where so many are refugees from Communist China, and there is a great deal of latent anti-Communist feeling which could get out of control. But according to the official report, these Nationalist sympathisers were "egged on by criminals bent on personal gain and power"; the men behind the scenes were the racketeers who sold "protection" to shopkeepers, brothels and opium dens. Also involved were the secret societies—the biggest group of which are the Triad societies with a reported membership of around fifty thousand. The Chinese secret society, so beloved of the old thriller writers, exerts a powerful influence. There have been many police drives against these societies, and it is reported that during the first nine months of 1957 more than a thousand arrests were made. The Triad societies are ideal organizations for Kuomintang agents to infiltrate and use for political ends. And beyond these secret societies—perhaps supplying recruits for them—is this great squatter multitude already mentioned, perpetually seeking a way out of its misery and discontent; a mass whose component individuals live in such poverty that it is unthinkable that they should view the world and its rival ideologies in the same way as people who have found in life something worth protecting.

The Government's Resettlement Department is doing all it can. In the New Territories huge seven-storey blocks with 64 rooms on each floor have been erected to rehouse the squatters. They are resettled five to a room—a room being 120 square feet. Overcrowded? Yes, except by the standards they are used to. The resettled ones are among the lucky. Present plans envisage the resettlement of another 230,000 squatters by 1962. The economic strain on the resources of a tiny colony is severe, and one inevitably asks: Can it be done in time? Even when the refugees are rehoused, there are still all the other things people need if they are going to feel "at home," and if they are to be fully integrated into the life of the colony. What then of the future? I met more than one Chinese pessimist who gave Hong Kong

another five years independence. Others believe the colony will continue much as it is until the Kowloon lease runs out forty years from now. It is all guess-work. Yet the interdependence of the various parts of the modern world is such that an explosion anywhere could affect the future of Hong Kong. Neither armaments nor the lack of them can bring security; and even the most competent administration cannot work miracles with such a population. In the long run, of course, Hong Kong will once again belong to China. But, as Lord Keynes used to say, in the long run we are all dead anyway. For Hong Kong "the long run" may be quite a long time coming.

BERNARD LLEWELLYN.

BOSWELL AND MACAULAY

IN 1831 John Wilson Croker, who like Macaulay was both a man of letters and a man of affairs, edited a new edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. This differed from previous editions mainly in that it contained, along with the author's original text, interpolated passages culled from Hawkins, Mrs. Thrale, Fanny Burney and other intimates of Johnson. Shortly after its appearance this new edition was given an avowedly hostile review by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*, to which very influential organ he had now become a distinguished contributor. With Macaulay's angry condemnation of Croker's work as editor we are not now concerned; it is but a prelude to the tempest of invective and abuse which shortly broke over Boswell's head. But he begins with praise—extravagant praise of the "Life" and its author; Boswell has written "the first of biographies," he is "no less the greatest of biographers than is Herodatus the greatest of historians . . . Eclipse first and the rest nowhere"; and so on with other parallels. On this note of generous appreciation we might expect the review to continue and end; but not so. With a suddenness which startles the reader he turns from appraising the work to abusing the character of its author: Boswell is a bore, a laughing-stock, servile, pedantic, impertinent, shallow, a sot, a talebearer, an eavesdropper, a tavern butt, a dunce, a parasite and a coxcomb. We are then told that "he is one of the smallest men who ever lived, a man of the meanest and feeblest intellect . . . always laying himself at the feet of some eminent man and begging to be spit upon and trampled on." Then come the famous antithesis: "Goldsmith and La Fontaine attained literary eminence in spite of their weaknesses. Boswell attained it because of his weakness. If he had not been a great fool he would not have been a great writer."

This diatribe, we may note, is in no way related to the logic of the review as a whole; it is detached from it and wholly gratuitous. Later on, it is true, feeling no doubt that his antitheses are too violent for his readers to stomach, Macaulay tries to relate the book and the character in terms of cause and effect; because Boswell is a weak fool he has written a great book, strength has been derived and manifested only out of badness and weakness. In elaborating this argument he gives an exhibition of bad logic, bad metaphysics, bad aesthetics, and bad psychology to which it is hard to find a parallel. Only for very sufficient reasons do good critics concern

themselves at all with the moral character of their subjects. Most reviewers (and this is certainly true of modern ones) are almost entirely concerned with the qualities of the work with which they are dealing. There are two and only two good reasons for doing otherwise, the first being that the genius and the character of a writer may be so involved that a full and just assessment of the one cannot be made without reference to the other; "the style is the man," the genius is the character. This relationship holds good for many of the lesser romantic artists and is most pronounced in those whom we may call the confessors, beginning with neurotics like Rousseau and Marie Bashkirtseff at one end of the scale and with transcendental mystics like St. Augustine, St. Theresa and Newman at the other. In between are to found all degrees of interfusion of character with genius, culminating in those great objective artists whose genius appears to be detached from the character and whose works can be understood and enjoyed without any reference to it. We cannot equate character with genius as Macaulay and some other Victorian biographers and critics have tried to do, let alone relate the genius only to the weaknesses of the character. In most cases they exist apart, and operate from different levels of the human personality.

John Morley, writing on this very theme in his essay on Byron, says: "Criticism and morality are equally injured by the confusion between the worth of what he wrote and the virtue or wickedness of the life he lived. The admirers of his poetry appear sensible of some obligation to be the champions of his conduct, while those who have diligently gathered together the details of an accurate knowledge of the unseemliness of his conduct cannot bear to think that from this bramble men have gathered figs." These words provide an answer to Macaulay's preposterous claim that the *Life of Johnson* was borne of the weakness and folly of its author, that if he had not been a great fool he would never have been a great writer. If works of art are to be interpreted in terms of character the whole character of the artist must come under review, not his weaknesses only.

The second and direct reason for being concerned with an author's character is that you are writing his biography or at least that short form of biography known as a character study. To do this latter satisfactorily requires in the critic a power of patient analysis, balance, detachment, and an imaginative sympathy with the subject, with whom he must be able to establish a measure of self identification, feeling vicariously his conflicts and temptations while at the same time maintaining sufficient detachment to make an impartial analysis: to do in fact what Johnson did for Richard Savage, a character fully as open to criticism as is Boswell's. But this is just what Macaulay neither desired to do nor was capable of doing for Boswell; he is content to abuse him at the top of his voice. One might have assumed that a man who had written two masterpieces and nearly a third had some claim to those gifts which make a distinguished writer; but once again let Macaulay correct us. After stating that "In an important branch of literature Boswell has immeasurably surpassed such writers as Tacitus, Clarendon, and Alfieri," he goes on with staggering inconsistency to tell us that "Of the talents which ordinarily raise men to eminence as writers Boswell had absolutely none."

Few serious readers of the "Life" or the "Highland Journey" can share

Macaulay's contempt for the mind of the author as there revealed. When arguing with Johnson he is often wiser than Johnson, and when writing about himself he reveals a most acute perception of his own wayward character. How justly and intelligently he comments on himself when remarking: "Many people have built castles in the air, but I must be one of the few who have tried to live in one," and in the long correspondence with Temple and Isabel Zuylen there is much more to the same effect. Let Macaulay be judged out of his own mouth; recall that in a preceding passage he has proclaimed the "Life" to be the greatest of biographies and Boswell to be the greatest of biographers. Now suppose we could have asked Macaulay his reasons for making this unqualified judgment. What, supposing him to be in a calmer and more reflective mood, would have been his answer? He would doubtless point to Boswell's long and conscientious research, his industry in organizing the vast harvest of this research, the skill with which a diversity of characters and happenings are related to the central figure, and the narrative skill with which every scene and character is presented. But above all he would have had to admit that the biography is so great because the portrait of the man portrayed in it is so complete. The whole man is given "wart and all," and to give the whole man means to represent him in weakness and defect as well as in virtue and strength. This is what Boswell has done, this is his unique achievement. He had genuine admiration for intellectual greatness and his interest in character—his own included—is unfailing. It is to these very real and positive qualities we owe the "Life" and the Highland tour and not to those pathetic declensions into folly and intemperance to which Macaulay so absurdly and falsely attributes them.

To sum up: Macaulay's strictures on Boswell are unjustified, because they are conceived in something very like malice and are therefore suspect from the start. It has been said of Gibbon that he wrote about Christianity as if it had done him a personal injury. So writes Macaulay about Boswell. Thus conceived, the criticisms are based on a false analysis, and, as we might expect, coarse, brutal, and always extravagant in their expression. Granting that some of the reflections on Boswell's character are true, the defects with which he is charged are mainly those which for most people are a subject for lenient regret and not contemptuous abuse. Since Boswell is dealt with entirely in terms of his defects, an unbalanced, imperfect and therefore false image of his character has been presented, and, issuing as it does from a highly authoritative source, perpetuated until quite recent times. This last is the most cogent reason for affirming that Macaulay's strictures are unjustified. In making them he did injury to the reputation of James Boswell, but still more to his own reputation as a critical writer.

H. A. MORGAN.

PAUL VALÉRY

"WILL Europe become what, in reality, it is: a small promontory of the Asiatic continent?" The author of these words might be a Hero of the Soviet Union . . . "Europe visibly aspires to be ruled by an American commission." The writer of this could easily be President

Eisenhower . . . In fact, however, the two "predictions" were first made in 1919 and 1931, respectively. But even more surprising is the fact that both statements were made by a man generally supposed to have little interest—and even less insight—into modern political and social trends. That man was a notable but esoteric French poet—Paul Valéry.

Valéry himself will never know whether his predictions about Europe were truly prophetic or not, for he died in France in July, 1945, a fortnight before the Hiroshima explosion. Venerated as a poet, dramatist, essayist, and public speaker, he was never in his life-time regarded as a prophet. Indeed, he was usually looked upon as a man who marked the end of something—to be precise, as the last, and perhaps the finest, of what are commonly called the French Symbolist poets. Yet, looking at a map of our present-day world, taking into account the prodigious part being played by America in post-war Europe, remembering recent events in China and the nuclear tests proceeding in Siberia, one cannot help having a sneaking suspicion, as a mere European, that he may soon be regarded as something of a prophet, too. Europe is already the fulcrum of the East-West balance. Dare we conclude, therefore, that an obscure French poet may have some important things to say to our Atomic Age? I would suggest that Valéry has left us a message and a warning—a message for the present, and a warning for the future. To begin with, let me stress the fact that neither his message nor his warning will be, in the narrow sense of the word, political. Valéry stood aloof from political parties all his life, both before and during the German occupation. He once remarked: "One must be either infinitely foolish or infinitely ignorant to dare to hold an opinion on most of the problems raised by politics." It must also be emphasised that Valéry was no social reformer; he had little personal interest in what happened to people, and so had no particular social theories to propound. Nevertheless, he was very much interested in man's future. The explanation of this seeming paradox lies in his approach to life in general. This was essentially cerebral. Though he had but little interest in the fate of society, he was genuinely concerned about the future of the human mind. Like his predecessor Mallarmé, Valéry tended to exclude from consciousness all feelings of kinship with his fellow-men which, if admitted, would bind him to them. His point of view, as he once said, was always: Everything related to the intellect! *Tout par rapport à l'intellect!*

This tendency is essentially modern. Pure scientific knowledge has never stood in higher repute than it does today; and intellectual growth seems to be far outstripping emotional development. Having largely discarded the idea of the soul in favour of the intellect, modern man is now hard at work trying to rid himself of the bondage of his stubborn, old-fashioned, instinct-driven body. He is in danger of becoming like H. G. Wells's "Martians," with their enormous heads and spindly under-carriages. If this is so, the positive, social significance of Valéryan poetry is that, in analysing himself—his own particular body-mind conflict—Valéry diagnoses our conflict, too. In this way Symbolism has now acquired a social value not unlike that of psychological analysis. A large part of the analyst's work is to induce his patients to become consciously aware of their own problems. In like manner, Valéry's poetry forms a compelling and searching study of the present-day conflict between our knowledge and our human emotions.

Thus one may define his message as a veiled plea for more self-knowledge—to be attained, so he says, by prolonged and rigorous concentration on the hidden symbolism of human life.

Like a coin Valéry's message has another side. This—its negative aspect—was the direct outcome of the rather unfortunate fact that he not only diagnosed our conflict but also prescribed treatment for it. Many people, including not a few of his contemporaries, have felt that Mallarmé's Symbolism was characterized by a certain unhealthiness. His legacy, passed on through Valéry, contributed something—perhaps more than we think—to the fall of France in 1940. What was this unhealthiness? Poetry became metaphysical, abstract, over-subtilized. It expressed a highly cerebral and self-conscious attitude to life, so that the individual poem finally became a complicated "game"—a game of intellectual counters, a sort of crossword puzzle, between poets and their readers. All too often this was the treatment prescribed by the Symbolists for "the conflict of knowledge and emotions—eulogization of the intellect to the exclusion of all else. And to what did this glorification of the ego lead? To a negation of life itself. Some years ago an Australian professor claimed that in Mallarmé's *Hérodiade** "a century of intellectual nihilism reached its climax." He went on to say that this poem seemed to be "the last word of French poetry, the perilous point at which literature passes over into the unexpressed, and the European intellect faces suicide . . ." In fact, however, the "last word" was with Valéry. He pursued Mallarmé's quest for perfection to its logical conclusion, and saw for himself that the end was, in truth, intellectual suicide.

This brings us to the warning implicit in the ending of the Symbolist tradition. The ideal of self-knowledge advocated by Valéry is, unfortunately, easily misinterpreted. This arises when the term "self-knowledge" is used in the purely intellectual sense. Critics and writers in general too often try to gloss over this intensification of self-consciousness, as if it were not socially and psychologically bad. Over-development of the ego can be as harmful and unhealthy as the extreme "cult of the subconscious" practised by the Surrealists. Thus throughout most of his life Valéry was as sure as Mallarmé that the human mind was fully capable of performing the high tasks allotted to it; it was only in later years that he began to perceive the ultimate futility of the purely cerebral life. After World War I he wrote with steadfast optimism:

"Patience, patience,
Patience dans l'azur! . . .
Viendra l'heureuse surprise."

In 1931, rather less hopefully, he was writing: "The *skē*, thirteen years afterwards, is far from clear. Might one not say that humanity, clear-thinking and reasonable though it is—yet incapable of sacrificing its impulses to rational understanding and its hatreds to its sufferings,—is behaving like a swarm of absurd and miserable insects invincibly attracted by the flame?" Ten years later, in 1941, his faith in human reason had turned to despair, and his nihilism reached the nadir when he conjectured: "Perhaps the mind is one of the means discovered by the universe for finishing it all as quickly as possible."

But even this was not his final word on the subject of man's intelligence.

*Mallarmé died in 1898, leaving the cycle uncompleted.

That was uttered shortly before his death. In December, 1944, he delivered his last public lecture at the Sorbonne. It concerned Voltaire, and ended by referring to the destructiveness of war in these terms: "Confronted by this state of human affairs,* which indicates that man understands himself less and less—just as he seems the less to comprehend nature as he finds therein more powerful means of action,—confronted by this fantastic spectacle, would Voltaire be able to recover that celebrated smile we know so well? Perhaps—if one may be allowed thus to end these words about an unbeliever—there would come to his mind that supremely august saying, the truest, most simple and profound utterance ever made about mankind, and therefore about our politics, about the progress of our knowledge, about our doctrines and conflicts—perhaps he would murmur to himself this obvious conclusion: *They know not what they do.*"

Thus spake Valéry in 1944. What would he say today? Recalling his own life, with its hopes and disillusionment, he might well be saying something like this: "Scarce was I ensconced in my shroud by the sea* when your life-boat called 'Civilization' sprang a leak at Hiroshima. I see you are still baling . . . You live in a world wherein the ever-increasing use of human intellect is regarded as the only panacea for the mounting troubles of mankind. But may it not be that you are more in need of human kindness than of human intelligence? I appreciate your predicament. Since pre-historic man happened upon the first crude weapons you have jogged along the old, instinctive path of survival of the fittest. The hard ethic of loving your neighbour as much as yourself having often been beyond you, you have naturally tended to love yourself rather more than your neighbour. Survival seemed to depend on it. Now, however, with this ingenious splitting of the atom, the situation is suddenly reversed: it is going to pay you, collectively especially, *not* to be primitive . . . The problem of controlling the hydrogen bomb is really the problem of controlling the all-too-human mind. When alive, I was of those who press on in the van, who see more clearly what lies ahead. (I say this with regret, not pride.) I see you toiling up the road that I followed—but more slowly. Some, sensing hesitation in the leaders, are anxiously echoing the cry *Panem et circenses*. Others, supposedly more intelligent, I hear worshipping the scientific god technological "know-how"—by which they mean more education, more research, more discoveries. But I suspect your knowledge is becoming rather a burden. And will you, at long last, progress to what I discovered—and, unlike me, not be granted the deliverance of a quick, kind death? Sometimes I listen to your great, old-fashioned statesmen of East and West. They seem insanely deaf; they hear not the bell tolling for both of them. They appear to forget that nothing is easier in your imperfect world than to prove another wrong, and that even proving the other party very much wrong does not necessarily make you right. Both may be wrong . . . In any case, speaking from posthumous experience, I should say the winning contestant likes to remain alive to know he was right! Your latest Promethean conquest may rule out that satisfaction. You will say these are but the guesses of one who never felt sure of anything

*I.e. France under the Occupation.

*Valéry lies buried at Sète, his birthplace, in a hillside cemetery overlooking the Mediterranean. It is the scene of his famous poem *Le Cimetière Marin*.

whilst he lived. But this century has had other prophets more consistent than I. Chesterton, Wells, Dean Inge, Spengler, Tagore, Jung, Schweitzer, Bertrand Russell, Einstein, and many more, in all the fields of life—they, too, believe the road you are taking is unlikely to increase your happiness. Your students of the soul, the psycho-analysts, point out that whereas a baby enjoys periods of senseless but very real happiness, a brilliant nuclear physicist may be merely "not unhappy." Happiness, it seems, both individual and international, depends not so much on knowledge but on good human relationships. What you call "the Kingdom of Heaven" belongs to those who, though of adult intelligence, have not lost the felicity of early childhood. Only at the very end of my life did I discover the humility this implies (that is why I chose to be buried in this spot). Are you quite sure it was merely . . . senile, second childhood?"

RHYS S. JONES.

BLACK AUSTRALIA

EVERY week an exciting new event alters the shape of the colour problem in Australia. A few weeks ago, a public meeting in Sydney sent a petition to Canberra seeking a Constitutional amendment, which would allow aboriginals citizenship status. Last week, a country clergyman accused his brother parsons of refusing aboriginals entry into rural churches. In the week just past, the first two aboriginals ever to matriculate signed the register at Queensland University; and a wealthy Melbourne business man adopted three aboriginal sisters from Darwin as his children. And Pastor Douglas Nicholls, M.B.E., is the first aboriginal to be in the Queen's Birthday Honours list, for services to his people. To you in England these actions may seem unexceptional. You have accepted coloured people from the Colonies and India into your Universities, though not into your homes so much, for about 50 years, and anyone born British is a proper citizen, even if he speaks Welsh or Gaelic. The distinctions you make between people are not concerned with face at all, but with pride of birth. Here in Australia the aboriginals are literally a race apart. Problems rise thick as thistles whenever the two races, white and black, make positive measures of living together.

The difficulty is that we did not respect them until late. The "native problem" was created by our ancestors. The pioneers considered natives a great nuisance, and shot them out of hand. Impatience, arising from official indecision on policy, led to bitter clashes out back. In the desert country some aboriginals were shot even only 30 years ago. Queensland seem to have a cleaner slate than the other states, but the damage done by this appalling policy, there being no evidence, cannot be known. Protection was adopted by the State of Victoria late in the last century. As a racial policy it is negative and paternal, for it implies that the natives must die out. An Aborigines Protection Board, having a Protector as chairman, was set up with civil service finance. Political and economic measures, enacted after some suggestions of the Board, effectively stopped exploitation of the Aborigines and abolished the slaughter. Within two decades Queensland, New South Wales, South Australia and Western Australia adopted the

gloomy policy of protection on these lines. The Federal Government—it has constitutional power only over the natives in the Northern Territory—followed suit. Under Protection the half-caste found a rough means of living, as a cattle stockman, boundary rider or police tracker, where the outdoor life and the half-instinctive hunting knowledge combined to make them useful to the white man's culture. But they were helpless before social prejudice and had no future. Segregation grew as a social custom. The nomadic, highly organized tribes of Arnhem Land, and in the desert west of Alice Springs, were to be left untouched in reserves where no white man might enter except by permit. In the settled areas aboriginal families grew up in shanty towns, close by but apart from the country towns where they worked. The protective regulations, such as the very strict law forbidding any aboriginal from receiving intoxicating drink, saved them from degradation, but encouraged the "whites" to regard the "blacks" as legally irresponsible, like children.

We were aroused at last from our thoughtless indifference by knowledge coming from an unexpected quarter, the Universities. The anthropologists lecturing in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide seriously studied the native Australians in their own desert country. Thirty years ago the classic work of Victorian times, "The Native Tribes of Central Australia," by Spencer and Gillen, was republished as "The Arunta." The scientists took it up with a new enthusiasm. Within three years a quarterly magazine, "Oceania," appeared, and continued to publish original field-research. Dr. W. L. Warner wrote "A Black Civilization" on the social life in Arnhem Land. Many people have read "The Australian Aborigines," by Professor A. P. Elkin, which gives in brief outline our comprehensive knowledge of most tribal customs.

Racial matters came to a head four years before the war. A native in the desert country had committed an inter-tribal "revenge" murder and a "punitive" expedition set out to find him. After a public protest two missionaries went instead, peacefully persuading the man to face a judge and jury. Then to people in the cities it seemed wrong to try an aboriginal before a white jury, obviously biased. The court was eventually changed to a tribunal. Under pressure of informed public opinion this action began a complete revolution in official policy. The State and Federal Protection Boards became Welfare Boards, each under a Commissioner; they set out to change social conditions for the mass of aboriginals in each State or Territory.

It was soon found that any positive reform, so that the two races could mix, had to overcome both social prejudice and differences of standards. In the Northern Territory and Queensland, where aboriginals were already fitted for the life on cattle stations, the missionaries and the government inspectors could ensure that they had good health and good wages. It was rather like Leonard Horner enforcing the Factory Act regulations a century ago. But this was only a more efficient form of protection; what was needed was something like education for citizenship. However, the old social customs of segregation continued, because there were now so many mixed-bloods (half-caste, quarter-caste, octoroons) in the eastern states that the new practice of educating them had to catch up by two or three generations. There are two first-rate secondary schools open to aboriginals in New South

Wales, at Sydney and at Casino on the north coast. They are for boys and girls of both races. Most of the other "black" children finish their formal education after attending a one-class country primary school. Prejudice is very strong on the country pastoral stations. The real difficulties lie in adjusting the two different ways of life. Some of the disillusioned aboriginals in the country now find greater comfort in returning to the ancient rites and beliefs of their forefathers, and in certain districts they are trying to revive the old language. Those of the cities are endeavouring to copy our materialist philosophy. In the past the pastoral life gave them a little of both. Nowadays they realize they are being denied something and will not be satisfied until they are willingly accepted anywhere in our society, from (say) hospitals to universities. Not as certified "whites," as some few are at present, but as aboriginals.

The current state of affairs regarding the aboriginals is most unsatisfactory. If a "black" fulfils the standards of being a "white" citizen, if he learns to live as we do, he is granted a ticket of exemption, and may do anything we do, which means he fights hard for his chance. Our behaviour is his standard. This is inevitable for a while, just as every economic inducement was made in the eighteenth century so that Continental Jews could turn Christian. Equality in terms of wages will be the first to come, though it will be hard to learn, for under the ancient tribal life there is no money and all property is shared among relatives. If he still lives close to the old life his integrity is pulled opposing ways. If he lives in the city he has to face its tendency to despise the odd man.

Assimilation has been the real goal of our racial problem for 10 years. This year it seems to have taken an impetus of its own. I had thought, when I attended the political meeting at the Sydney Town Hall in April, that it looked a lost cause. Perhaps a thousand people turned up, half of whom were Sydney aboriginals ranging from keen-witted boys of twelve to embittered men in their fifties. It seemed that "white" folks were as indifferent as 20 years ago. But when I collected names for the petition for a Constitutional amendment I found to my astonishment a great eagerness to give the aboriginals a fair deal. The remarks of the country parson, published in a letter to the Press, are a sign of a social conscience. Events abroad have had their effect on us, for we cannot be indignant at segregation in South Africa and Alabama when we allow it to spread here. The Victorian government, which over 90 years ago made the first step to Protection, is considering a Bill to include a number of aboriginal families in its housing programme. These are straws in the wind. More private homes are adopting aboriginal children into the family. To me the real advance has been the entrance of the two young people to Queensland University. It has not been easy: through four years of hard work some University students who organized their own Aboriginal Scholarship Committee, have raised over £A3,000, and broken down social resistance, just for this chance. The two scholars, Margaret Williams and Irwin Lewis, were selected from Casino High School and Christ Church Grammar School, Perth. Miss Williams intends to be a high school teacher; Irwin Lewis, a former school prefect and cricket "blue," matriculated with distinction in geography. In the cities the old ideas of "black" inferiority are dying out at last.

Turramurra, New South Wales.

JACK HORNER.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES THAT WENT ASTRAY

IN the as-yet-unwritten History of Humanity's Mistakes by far the most interesting chapter is that dealing with the discovery of America. As is known to most people, America has been discovered twice, but not once was there any intention of so doing, and on neither occasion could the gallant explorer turn his discovery to any account. America was discovered by the way, fortuitously, because she lay in the path of those who were trying, without success, to establish a new sea-route to India from east to west. But when the expedition had dodged this obstacle, and were well on the way to their goal, their leader was attacked and beaten to death by naked savages, and his shipmates, returning without him, brought the unspoken message to Europe: "Stop! Do not be such fools as to overlook this continent, which will bring you far more than India—not only spices, silks, peacock's feathers and treasure. America is the Graecia Major of modern times." Those poor blacks on the Philippines were actually instrumental in getting this message back to Europe, so that a man versed in all knowledge of his times wrote a "*Mundus Novus*," directing the attention of educated people to this new continent. Amerigo Vespucci's letter showed plainly that men had been chasing shadows when they pursued the westward route to India. But Europe took no notice.

The first discoverers of America had no plan at all; Leif Eriksson, sailing from Scandinavia to Iceland, was cast adrift by storms, and came to America by way of Greenland. That happened about the year 1,000. Even in those days the Northmen had their problems; they wanted new lands with room for their surplus population. But faced with the choice of settling an uninhabited country or despoiling their European neighbours, they took the latter course. Since the ninth century Normandy had been theirs, and they had ample experience in robbery and in plundering the European coastal regions. It was easier to continue in the way of living in which they were skilled than to sail without compass across the Atlantic. In 1016 some Norman "pilgrims" settled outside Salerno and began to build up that powerful South Italian empire, which once could force its will upon the Pope and even threaten Byzantium; and "Vineland" (as the Northmen called the land they had discovered) was forgotten for 500 years.

When Europe began to take an interest in America again, it was due to the rise to power of two states which had so far had little influence in the Mediterranean.

Venetian and Genoese commercial politics in the late middle ages were directed to one object only: to obtain and to keep the monopoly of bringing goods from the Levant to Europe. The violent conflict between Genoa and Venice can be explained only from this standpoint. At first Genoa led the way, being the better adapted both as regards diplomacy and power. But Venice soon picked up the tricks and began to copy her neighbour's example. The rivalry of the two states came to a head in the so-called war of Chioggia (1380) which Venice won after a hard struggle. But it was a victory in little more like a compromise than a dictated peace; it may be said that Venice's success was not due to any real superiority. Since the beginning of the fourteenth century France had been taking an interest in the Levant trade (if only to injure Florence, who had given financial

aid to her enemy, Edward III of England, in the Hundred Years War); and her foe in the immediate neighbourhood was, of course, Genoa, lying just at her gates. Moreover, Genoa was suddenly obliged to defend herself against another enemy, Milan, who had received a tremendous impetus from the rule of the Sforzas. Genoa succumbed to their double onslaught—in the fifteenth century she came under the lash now of the one, now of the other state—and Venice profited. That period saw the finest flowering of the Adriatic republic, which moreover had the advantage of being then governed by an outstanding and astute personality, the Doge Francesco Foscari.

A result of Genoa's slow decline was that men of energy and enterprise felt obliged to seek fresh spheres of action. Two sea-captains emigrated from Genoa. One was called Christopher Columbus; he went westwards to Spain. The other was Giovanni Cabot: he went east, to his city's rival, Venice, where he became naturalized after 15 years. Thereafter, highly respected as a Venetian citizen, Cabot proceeded to England, and settled down at Bristol.

But in order to establish themselves successfully, immigrants must contribute something, preferably something new, to the life of a community; and what could these two sea-captains present? An idea. The idea of how to snatch the Levant trade from Venice. Both were navigators, and both offered to try and reach India and China by the western sea-route. They were, after all, nearer to the west in England and Spain respectively.

Thus, suddenly, the idea of a western passage to the wonderland of Cipangu burst upon the world—from the brains of two emigrants. It was not after all too startling, since the world had accepted Pythagoras' theory of the earth's spherical form, and had received the compass from the Chinese through the people of Amalfi in the twelfth century. As is known, Columbus believed until his dying day that he had reached Eastern Asia. If someone had been able to convince him that he had, instead, discovered a new continent, he would have been bitterly disappointed. Cabot, too, did not find a way to "Cipangu." From the point of view of their intentions, the discoverers of America failed miserably. Similarly Cabot's payment from Henry VII of England for the fifth part of his cargo (one payment of £10 and a pension of £20) was perhaps not incommensurate with Cabot's performance in the light of his undertakings, always supposing that the king had been able to convince Cabot that his expedition was a failure. True, the people of Bristol saw it in a different light; they idolized Cabot, the sensation of the day.

Vasco da Gama, in 1498, was the first European who really made possible the capture of the Levant trade from Venice by discovering the Cape route and making Lisbon the leading staple town of the sixteenth century Europe. But it was another Portuguese, Magellan, who set out to realize the vision of Columbus and Cabot, only to die in the attempt, he too passed America by.

It has been held unfair of after ages to have named the new continent not after Columbus but after Vespucci. Such blame is undeserved; neither Columbus nor Cabot nor Magellan went out to look for a new continent. They had only two words on their lips—India and China. Vespucci on the contrary, although he too was not seeking a new country, can claim

the glory of being the first consciously to turn his attention to the New World. America was not for him a dreamland India, nor, as for Magellan, the barrier between him and his goal: for him she was herself the land of his desire. He knew that a new world had been discovered; he recognized its claims and gave it his unstinted enthusiasm; America is the country of Amerigo Vespucci.

If America had to obtrude herself on Europe, Australia was sought and with difficulty only found. For centuries men had spoken of an undiscovered southern land, of which nearly nothing was known. There were travellers' tales of those curious marsupials which carried their living cubs around in pouches. But little definite was known, at any rate not enough to make the country desirable. Only after the Dutch, in 1581, had declared themselves independent of Spanish rule did they realize what a fine piece of work they had done. They had risked their carrying trade to North Europe, the foundation of their existence, risked and lost. Philip II, king of Spain and Portugal, forbade all commerce with them. They had to face the question of how they should live now that they had become their own masters. If they did not want to abandon seafaring trade altogether, there was only one thing left to do: they must find a new country, where raw materials could be obtained, and whence goods could be marketed to compete with the Spanish-Portuguese monopoly. Therefore they returned to the old *Terra Australis Incognita* about which Ptolemy had written, built up a Malayan colonial Empire consisting of Java, New Guinea, Sumatra and Borneo, and wondered whether they could discover that strange continent whose lands, according to the geographers, kept the equilibrium of the lands of the northern hemisphere. For decades they narrowly missed Australia: the South-East monsoon drove off the ships coming from the east, and in the west the pirates were too numerous. At last, however, Willem Jancz contrived to land in Australia on his first attempt; he was the Australian "Leif Eriksson." Others followed him, but each saw a small part of the country, without realizing the possibilities of the whole continent, until at last the Dutch forgot all about it. The Dutch discovery of Australia is like the Northmen's discovery of America: the country was known to them, but they ignored it. The Australian Columbus was called Cook. His prescribed task was to seek out that discrete continent, and he really found it; nevertheless no use was made of his discovery. Another Vespucci was needed and was found collectively in the Parliament at Westminster. The latter, it is true, did not sing enthusiastic eulogies about the new land. But when, by the famous tea tax of 1767/70, they had let loose the American War of Independence, they found themselves faced by the question of where English convicts, hitherto deported to America, should be sent unless to the newly discovered continent. Would Jancz and Cook have been proud if someone had told them that they had discovered a new settlement for convicts? They would certainly have looked upon the whole thing as a fiasco. But the future justified their efforts.

When the Northmen and Varangians crossed the Atlantic as coastal traders for the first time, they passed a country which for its wonderful fertility they enthusiastically named the green land. Who would have dared to call their discovery a failure, had it not been for a drop in temperature

all over Europe, amounting to an average of four degrees in Italy, and probably much more severely felt near the poles, just 100 years later—a fall which relegated the enthusiasm of those old explorers to one more contribution to the ironical history of human failures? We must admit it: the discovery of continents is a thankless task, and not everyone will do it. Moreover, one might undertake it, and turn up too late, as happened with that continent which lay where now the Indian Ocean spreads, leaving only Madagascar and Ceylon above its waters. Today we called it Lemuria. True, someone may say behind our backs that we have slandered it. With what inhabitants did we people it?

"Come on! come on! come in! come in!"

Ye Lemurs, patched together;

Nerves, muscles, lopse bones, bags of skin,

Half-naturals, come hither!"

(Goethe, *Faust*, II, V, 6).

In fact there has been something queer about all our discoveries.
New York.

GERHARD SCHMIDT.

MAGNA CHARTA IN AMERICA

THAT England and America are separated by a common language is a piece of Shavian wit often repeated: it may be suggested that the two countries are similarly separated by a common law. The legal system itself, the functions of judges and juries, the position and procedure of the courts, technical terminology and the organization of the legal profession—all these are in important respects different on the other side of the Atlantic, though the shared heritage of the Common Law is more impressive than any of these differences.

American lawyers are well aware of their bond with, and their debt to, the land in which the Common Law was born and grew to maturity. Last July, from the opening ceremonies of the London convention of the American Bar Association at Westminster Hall to the closing speeches at the Guildhall dinner, they repeatedly expressed the feeling of reverence with which they regard the England which is the home of their own legal and constitutional heritage. Chief Justice Warren said that the Americans had come to England as pilgrims to a shrine. And so they had. The cynic who replies that they came on a free holiday (all expenses deductible from income tax) is right: but he misses the point. If the pilgrim has come to Mecca on a free ticket, the fact remains that he has come to Mecca instead of going to Baghdad. In retrospect the Sunday ceremony at Runnymede, the unveiling of a memorial from the American Bar Association to Magna Charta appears as the climax of that pilgrimage. English lawyers and American alike paid tribute to the Great Charter and to its role in the constitutional traditions of the whole English-speaking world. Yet in the homage they in common pay to the Charter, Englishmen and Americans are separated by differing interpretations of its significance. And the reverence of Americans is, if anything, the greater.

Most Englishmen have a fine respect for their legal and political institutions, but they are at times outdone by foreign visitors in the praise they openly bestow on them: one recalls the eulogies of Voltaire and

Montesquieu on the English constitution. Still, often enough the reverence shown by the visitors is based, if not on misunderstanding, at least on a very different understanding of the constitution from that of an Englishman. Montesquieu read in English institutions a doctrine of the separation of powers. Americans are inclined to see in Magna Charta the first document that guaranteed constitutional government and the rule of law. Now, the historical importance of Magna Charta in constitutional history is not in dispute, certainly not in England: but the additional measure of reverence which Americans bring to it is the outgrowth of their own deep trust in written guarantees and legal documents.

Two or three years ago—from what motives precisely it is difficult to say—the originals of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were mounted in an armoured van and taken on a touring exhibition throughout the 48 states. When the Lincoln copy of Magna Charta was evacuated to the United States during the last war, no pains were spared to ensure its preservation, and President Roosevelt kept himself informed of its welfare.

To an American such deferential treatment of constitutional documents seems natural and proper. The first step in his political education, whether as a schoolboy or as petitioner for citizenship, is the study of the two documents that set out the fundamental law of the United States. Where an Englishman's political trust lies in political traditions, an American's lies in the written constitution.

In a very real sense the Constitution of the United States is no more than an eighteenth century summary of English political tradition. Those who were responsible for the framing of some form of government in the newly established nation were conscious at once that theirs were the traditional rights of Englishmen, and that those rights had been—in their eyes, and not in theirs alone—grossly infringed by the acts of king and parliament. They cherished those rights, and the Common Law in which they were expressed, as much as they resented the abridgment of those rights by wilful men. What more natural, therefore, than to set forth those rights in black and white and to declare them inviolable? To write down the fundamental law, and to provide guarantees against its violation by human folly and malice? To secure "the government of laws, not of men"? A written inventory of rights to put those rights beyond dispute, and an elaborate system of checks and balances—separation of powers and judicial review—to shackle any prospective challenger: that was the machinery devised to effect the desired guarantees.

The framers of the Constitution saw in Magna Charta the shining example of a charter that guaranteed the rights and liberties of the government. That persuasive republican, Thomas Paine, had urged in *Common Sense* the convening of a "Continental Conference" whose business it should be "to frame a Continental Charter, or Charter of the United Colonies (answering to what is called the Magna Charta of England), securing freedom and property to all men . . . with such other matters at it is necessary for a charter to contain". The conference met and the charter was drawn up. Since that day, constitutional theory on the two sides of the Atlantic has gone rather different ways. Americans have become ever more confirmed in their faith in the law and its formal embodiments. In England, not formal law but parliament reigns supreme. Blackstone's doctrine of

parliamentary supremacy is more nearly true today than it was when he enunciated it from an Oxford lectern a few years before the signing of the American Constitution.

In theory at least there is very little that parliament cannot do, and there is no charter to restrain it. The only security against abuse remains what it has always been: the traditional political beliefs and practices of the nation and of its legislators. Magna Charta in England is part of that tradition; it has a special place in history, but no special place in the present. Magna Charta in America shares the privileged position accorded to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, the position of a document taken, as it were, out of history, and placed upon a timeless pedestal. An American looks at Magna Charta in the light of his own political beliefs. American reverence for it, as for the Constitution, is not historical only; it is a reverence that springs from the conviction that constitutional documents are, in some sense, the fountain of justice and the sure weapon against its abuse. The purely historical respect is shared by Englishmen: the faith in what one may call the insurance value of laws and legal documents is not. In this, surely, the English view is wise. For there is no ultimate guarantee in the law: law is no more than the formal expression of the moral and political sense of the society which makes it. No doubt recent experience is teaching Americans once again that the words of the Constitution can be evaded and ignored. The law of documents is, after all, the law of dead letters: for the law receives life only through human action. And so, in the last resort, government must always be of men, not of laws.

New York, N.Y.

H. M. LUBASZ.

AMBROISE PARÉ, SURGEON

WHAT are known as "success stories" are not uncommon at the present day, but they were extremely rare in the sixteenth century, when the obstacles to be overcome were almost insurmountable. One of the most remarkable stories of the kind is that of Ambroise Paré, who rose from humble beginnings to be the First Surgeon of the King of France. Born probably in 1510, he had the advantage of several years of education before he became apprenticed to a surgeon-barber, under whom he learnt, in addition to the art of beard-trimming, the more exacting operations of bleeding and bandaging wounds and injuries of various kinds. Notwithstanding his schooling, he had not learnt Latin, and indeed remained ignorant of that tongue throughout his life, which was an undoubted hindrance in his later career. During his apprenticeship he learned, or believed that he had learned, all that was to be known about anatomy. This view was not shared, however, by the leading surgeons of the day at Paris, who, it is said, never ceased to disparage the work of the young barber-surgeon who would not even trouble to learn Latin. It is probably for this reason that Paré decided to follow the troops in their various campaigns, and it was in this occupation that he spent much of his active experience. For long it was believed that Paré had embraced the reformed faith, and the historian Brantôme relates that on the occasion of the massacre of St. Bartholomew the only Protestant whom the king (Charles IX) was willing to save was his First Surgeon, Ambroise Paré. More recent research, however, has shown that most of his 14 children were baptized in a Roman Catholic church.

The probability is that Paré, like many thinking men of his period, was uncertain as to which of the two faiths was the true one, and in the circumstances of the time he can hardly be blamed for this. Ambroise Paré died in 1590. A contemporary diarist writes "On Thursday, 20 December, 1590, there died at his house in Paris Master Ambroise Paré, King's Surgeon, a learned man, who in spite of circumstances always spoke freely for peace and for the welfare of the people, which caused him to be as much loved by good men as he was hated by men of ill-will." If this testimony is true, one cannot but admire Paré's courage, since to speak freely was a dangerous hobby in those days, whichever side one took.

In the account which he left of his various campaigns, Paré is particularly concerned to defend his method of treating wounds by ligature of the arteries, as opposed to the current method which employed the red-hot iron and boiling oil. He was not, of course, the inventor of this treatment, and indeed is careful to make this clear to his particular opponent, the Regent of the Faculty, whom he addresses familiarly and somewhat contemptuously as *mon petit maître*. Paré was attached to the army train in some 20 campaigns in France, Italy, Savoy and Germany, and has left an account not only of the principal events but also of his own medical and surgical experiences. These are of interest to-day primarily as illustrating the character and personality of Paré himself, but they also contain accounts of various incidents which are still quite readable.

In his first campaign, against Turin, he relates how Captain Le Rat was badly wounded while leading his men against some high ground. Captain Le Rat's comment was "Now the Rat is caught," but Paré observes laconically "*Je le pansay et Dieu le guarist*" (I treated him and God cured him). This is a phrase which is frequently repeated in the course of these chronicles, and which indeed became famous as being characteristic of Paré's modesty. Later in the same campaign he goes into a stable to leave his horse, and finds a number of dead and dying soldiers, the latter being in great agony from burns. An old soldier asked him if they could be cured, and on receiving Paré's negative reply went up to them and quietly cut their throats. On being rebuked by Paré he replied that his prayer was that if ever he were in like case some one would do the same for him.

Paré had learnt from the works of a Genoese surgeon of the preceding century that wounds caused by firearms must be treated with boiling oil to avoid poisoning, and this he proceeded to do. However, he ran out of oil, and the best he could do was to apply what he calls a *digestif*, that is to say, an ointment composed of yoke of egg, turpentine and other medicaments. At night, he tells us, he could hardly sleep for thinking that the wounded would have died by morning because he had not cauterized their wounds. To his delight he found that those whom he had treated with his ointment had little pain or inflammation, while those treated with boiling oil suffered great pain from the inflamed injuries. From this point he decided definitely against cauterization in future. At Turin he met a surgeon who treated gunshot wounds successfully with a "balm," but it was only after repeated requests extending over more than two years, accompanied by numerous presents, that the surgeon consented to communicate his secret. It was to boil newly-born puppies and earthworms in oil with turpentine. Paré was delighted to find that the medical man's formula corresponded so closely with that which he himself had found, as he says, fortuitously. In the same

campaign, he tells us, the Marshal de Monte-Jean sent him three out of every four wounded soldiers, so that he was continually having to amputate an arm or leg, or reduce a dislocation or set a fracture. He was twenty-six at the time.

Paré reports a curious happening during an attempted English attack on the Brittany coast. According to his account, the cannon-balls directed at the English fleet, if they missed their target, rebounded several times on the water as they did on land, presumably like the children's game of "ducks and drakes." He is never unwilling to relate anything which might tell against the cauterization theories of the head of the faculty and other eminent surgeons. He recounts the case of a nobleman (at that time a much more important case than a mere soldier would have been) whose leg he had amputated without the red-hot iron. Cured, the nobleman went off gaily with a wooden leg, saying that he had got out of it cheaply since he had not had to endure the red hot-iron to staunch the blood, "as you say in your book that one should, *mon petit maître*." At a later date, Paré was attached to an army sent by the King on what appears to have been simply a ravaging campaign. The army was commanded by the King of Navarre, who seems to have been known for the occasion by his earlier title of Duke of Vendôme. On being asked by Vendôme to join his campaign, Paré declined on the ground that his wife was sick, whereupon Vendôme replied that if that were the case there were doctors at Paris to look after her, and that he himself was leaving his own wife "who was of as good a family as Paré's wife." So Paré went. After a successful assault on some fortress or other, the garrison were put to the sword, except for some twenty or thirty whom it was hoped by the soldiers to hold to ransom. When this was known, it was announced that all Spanish prisoners held by soldiers were to be killed, otherwise the soldiers themselves would be hanged. The prisoners were killed in cold blood accordingly. It is to be presumed that this atrocity was a reprisal for the treatment which the Spaniards usually meted out to their prisoners at that time.

Paré is perhaps at his most interesting in relating his experiences during the siege of Metz in 1552. The Emperor Charles V had besieged Metz with more than 120,000 men—a large army for those days—while the town contained some five to six thousand men, including, Paré tells us, seven princes as well as several nobles. As the wounded were dying in large numbers, it was thought that the drugs with which they were being treated or bandaged were poisoned. The garrison commander accordingly sent word to the King asking that Paré might come to them with fresh supplies of medicaments. To this request the King agreed if means could be found of getting Paré into Metz. Such means were found. Two of the senior officers succeeded in contacting an Italian captain, who agreed to arrange for the entry of Paré in return for 1,500 crowns. Paré, who never lacked courage, was somewhat dismayed on finding that fires were lit all round the town, thinking that they could never pass through the circle of fire without being discovered, and subsequently hanged. However, "God arranged the matter so well" that they succeeded in entering the town at midnight, after an exchange of signals between the Italian captain and a staff officer of the Duke of Guise, who received Paré in person, much to the latter's gratification. Paré's first patient was a senior officer whose leg had been shattered by a cannon-ball, and who was lying in bed with his leg bent and with no visible sign of any attempt

at treatment. It appeared that someone or other had undertaken to cure him merely by knowing his name, having his belt, and murmuring certain unintelligible words over him. Paré was having none of this nonsense, and treated the injured member so effectively that he was "thanks to God" eventually cured. The prince who was the superior officer of the patient in question sent Paré a present of a large cask of wine, promising to send another when that one was finished, so that Paré did fairly well out of his first patient at Metz.

Paré gives an excellent and detailed account of the various bombardments by the imperial troops and of the sorties by the besieged, but this is of interest only to students of military history. He goes on to tell us that the soldiers on both sides were constantly hurling insults at each other, whereupon the Duke of Guise forbade his troops to shout at all to the enemy in case some traitor might give away top secret information about the internal defences. His soldiers' reply was to impale living cats on their pikes, hoist them above the walls, and cry out "Miaow, miaow" in unison with the wretched animals. It will be seen that Paré, as a kind of unofficial press correspondent, was well able to seize on the interesting and striking detail. He describes *un stratagème ou ruse de guerre* employed by the Duke of Guise which appears rather elementary to us. The Duke sent out a simple peasant with letters for the King, giving him 10 crowns and promising that the King would give him a hundred crowns on receipt of the letters. One of these letters was an innocent assurance of the garrison's determination to hold out, while the other, which was sewn into the lining of his jacket, outlined the difficulties of the defence, and stated that if the enemy were to attack at a certain point it would be difficult to repulse him. The poor peasant was, of course, captured and questioned, and both letters were discovered. After he had been duly hanged, a costly and unsuccessful attack was made at the point indicated in the letter. No modern commander would be so taken in as was the Duke of Alba on this occasion. One wonders how he could have come by his knowledge of the sayings of the opposing high command. He tells us that the Emperor was determined not to relinquish the siege on account of the number of princes in the garrison, whose ransom would cover four times the expense he had incurred. The term "reparations" was, of course, not known in those days.

Paré gives us an account of the rationing system introduced in the town which became pretty strict as the siege continued. What had been sufficient for three men had to do for four, and a decision was taken not to surrender the town before those within had eaten the "asses, mules, dogs, cats, rats and even boots and other leather articles which could be softened and stewed." However, the lack of progress made by the attack through bombardment and sapping and mining, coupled with the pestilence which was weakening the imperial troops, finally induced the Emperor to raise the siege. They left many wounded behind, and Paré states that *mon dit seigneur de Guise* allowed them rations and ordered that they should be bandaged and treated, which was willingly done. "I doubt whether they would have done as much for us," writes Paré, "because the Spaniard is very cruel and inhumane, and consequently the enemy of all nations—see the writings of Lopez, a Spaniard, and Benzo, a Milanese, and others who have written the history of America and West India." When the withdrawal was over, Paré left the troops and returned to his royal master, who received

a verbal account of all that Paré had observed in Metz. The King gave Paré a present of 200 crowns, and assured him that he would never be left in poverty, for which Paré thanked him humbly.

LEONARD MAGNUS SANDISON

THE INDIANS OF NATAL

THE important events occurred in Natal in the middle of the nineteenth century. Natal which, until 1856, had been part of Cape Colony, in that year was detached to run under its own legislative council, for whose members every male inhabitant over 21 and owning immovable property worth £50, was entitled to vote. At about the same time, Natal cane farmers obtained permission to import Indians for work in the canefields, to replace the still haphazard natives. The first batch arrived in 1860 and were indentured, fed and paid 10s. a month. The employers, impatient for profits, were indifferent to what might happen if the Indians stayed in Natal, multiplied and acquired enough property to secure the right to vote. Most of them did take root. To-day there are in Natal alone 300,000 Indians, outnumbering the whites by 20,000.

When the Indians had finished their service, they went in for gardening or fishing and sold their produce to the growing towns. Meanwhile, free Indians, mostly artisans, were landing on the coast and finding markets for their cheap labour. The adjective is important: their labour was cheap; and, unlike the native, who was then no rival to the white man, they were cunning and clever. It only needed the depression of 1885 to start European artisans complaining that dirty Indians were taking the bread out of their mouths. It was the same with Indian agricultural workers and traders and especially pedlars who, pack on back, ranged over Natal, a boon to remote farmers, but often earning only a scanty living. The cry of undercutting roused the white inhabitants. Immigration of Indians should be forbidden, they declared, and those already in should be sent out. This hostility, fed on the fear of the Indians' growing numbers, and their ability to work long hours and live in mean surroundings on small gains, has never died.

The white authorities stared nervously at those prolific black strangers and sensed a serious danger which demanded legislation. In 1895 they clapped a tax of £3 a year on every Indian over 16. (It was later repealed at Gandhi's instigation.) In 1896 Natal deprived Indians of their right to vote for the Legislative Council. The number of those who had reached that eminence was not alarming but the potentialities were considered dangerous. In 1913 the Union Parliament restricted the entry of Asians into the country.

Law after law followed, each more repressive than the last, barring free movement of Indians from one province to another, limiting the areas where they might own or occupy property and shackling their trade. Indian districts were frequently without ordinary civic amenities, such as light and sanitation, and poverty reduced most of their houses to shacks. Disease followed overcrowding and work was not always available. As formidable rivals in the canefields, the mines and the railways, the sturdy natives now faced them, having adjusted themselves to regular work. In number and efficiency their schools lagged behind, with deliberate intent, as some Indians thought, but more likely because of the drain on Provincial funds.

New schools were no sooner built than the increase in Indian families outstripped their capacity, and European fathers complained that *they* had to limit their children to suit their purse, while Indians bred a string of weaklings regardless of Provincial expense. They are still frightened of the amazing Indian fecundity. In 1956, 12,000 Indian children were turned away from school through insufficient space; and it is significant that schooling for Indians is not compulsory. Their secondary schools have always been few, and few can afford to use them. The lack of a technical college formerly prevented Indian youths from becoming apprentices, because an applicant must hold a technical college certificate. That gap is now filled, but it does not follow that certificated Indian boys will find someone willing to train them in face of colour prejudice. Also the trades which they may practice are limited.

The fettered Indians, penned mainly in Natal, went on with the business of marrying young and rearing large families in their cramped quarters. They looked at the European apprehensively, suspecting that his aim was their complete segregation. Gandhi on his visits helped, but the abiding European dislike always triumphed. Sometimes ministers, deferring to world opinion, showed sympathy, but never the white population, and even liberal Governments sacrificed the Indians to popular clamour. The 1914-18 War temporarily diverted European attention, but, with peace, racial hostility broke out again. In 1922-23, Indians lost their municipal vote. In 1925 the new Asiatic Bill pointed straight towards the dreaded segregation for both trade and residence. Resentful, scared and powerless, they did not know where to turn, except to India. No sooner had they taken this "disloyal" step than indignant taunts assailed them. Yet it was the Europeans who had deliberately deprived Indians of all political power and always spoke of them as "unassimilable aliens"; although the Indians came to Natal only 30 years behind the Europeans. The appeal, right or wrong, led to action, and soon, at a Round Table Conference of the South African and Indian Governments, the Cape Town Agreement came into being (1927).

In this document the Union Government affirmed that Indians domiciled in the Union and prepared to conform to Western standards of life should be helped to do so; the Asiatic Bill was shelved and "uplift" was promised for every section of the permanent population, including Indians. There it stands on record, the admission of the South African Government that the Indians are in the country to stay and must receive fair treatment. Even an Indian agent-general was to be appointed on their behalf, and the licensing laws were to be revised in their favour. It never occurred to them that the Durban City Council would evade these obligations. But, after the Natal Provincial Council had improved Indian education facilities a little, and the agent-general had arrived, Durban (into which city half the Natal Indians are crowded) considered that enough had been done. Gradually Indians realized that they were still regarded as aliens and still to live in their insanitary hovels. Again, possibly, the cost deterred the members of the City Council, but that no public censure followed is revealing; and in fact soon almost everybody considered that the best way to deal with the Agreement was to ignore it. The licensing laws, for instance, were made no easier for the Indians, the policy of "uplift" held out no helping hand but left them still hobbled by colour prejudice. They have never forgotten their disappointment.

It is easier for the European to forget, like the present Minister of Posts and Telegraphs who spoke in 1955 of "the danger of teaching Indians to be white people." And there is the remark of the haughty Mayor of Pretoria in connection with a meeting of the Group Areas Board. This Board, to implement Apartheid, recommends what areas or zones shall fall to each race. In March, 1956, a deputation of Indians appearing before the Board in Pretoria to hear the plan for the displacement of 6,000 Indians, requested the Chairman that the proceedings might be in English, as some delegates did not know Afrikaans; but permission was beyond the Chairman's jurisdiction. The Mayor of Pretoria resented the request. "Why should we talk English for the sake of a lot of Indians?" he asked. Since their setback the Indians have advanced only in numbers. Lack of money still ties them down, and they meet sharper competition from natives seeking unskilled work. Indians hold their own in semi-skilled jobs, though natives are also turning their eyes towards these. Indian traders, so far, have been in the safest position. If they have some capital, they often emerge with satisfactory profit. Others—those with small stock and pedlars—must watch every penny. Many families live below the bread line.

Europeans fill most skilled jobs. When a European boy leaves school, he may pick and choose his future occupation. For him "here is God's plenty," far more jobs than whites to take them, with employers offering enticing prizes. An Indian boy receives no such welcome. He hankers after one of the blank spaces which the white boy has not fancied, but the law debars him, although lack of his services hurts the employer as much as the Indian who, with his narrow opportunities, may fail to find a job. Surely an imaginative Minister of Labour could deal with this menace threatening both the short-handed employer and the hungry, frustrated applicant. The number of unemployed Indians is piling up. Idleness and poverty, ignorance and dissatisfaction are pushing the young towards juvenile delinquency and Communism. Yet, with all their handicaps, Indians have been steadily adopting European standards. Married sons set up house in Western style instead of remaining with their parents, and girls are breaking with tradition by wearing European dress, going to school and preparing for a career. The medium of instruction in Natal Indian schools is English, and children and parents often talk English in the home. Indians' enthusiastic attendance at important games has drawn from white club secretaries thanks for their support, but intercourse ends there, for Apartheid bans mixed games. But Indians may and do enrol as blood donors (of course for Indians only) thus shouldering a civic responsibility.

However far they may have advanced in embracing the European way of life, they are still under fire. The Group Areas Act will affect adversely every South African race, but most disastrously the crowded Indians who, during the years of their domicile in Durban, have invested the proceeds of their thrift in property. The fruits of their toil, garnered for years, and their projects for the future, focused on their relatively few acres, are in jeopardy. The plans of the Durban municipality, if adopted by the Board, would apparently displace in the city nearly 3,200 Europeans, but nearly 63,000 Indians, and dispossess Europeans of 1/64th of their property, but Indians of 3/4ths of theirs, facing them with economic ruin. The administrators of the law are said to have taken pains to provide "adequate compensation" for the dispossessed. One is dubious about this word

"adequate." How could one expect a panel of valuers to indemnify an Indian not only for the loss of his shop but also of his clientele or to understand what the drab and pitiful little Indian homes mean to their owners? The law will inexorably cut them adrift and they know not what will become of them. To offer them another home does not moderate their sorrow. "What have we done," they ask, "that they should tear us up by the roots?" And to suggest that it may be years before they have to move is no consolation. Late or soon, the blow must fall.

As the unannounced Group Areas keep everyone in suspense, it is easy to understand what agitation the Member of Parliament for Newcastle kindled when, at a meeting in June, 1956, he partially lifted the lid of the cauldron said to be brewing for the Indians. Perhaps he was only guessing or the reporter misunderstood. The Government's policy for Indians, he is reported to have said, is emigration. That is nothing new; but what follows, if true, is sinister in the extreme. It is that the Indians, after they have felt the effects of the Group Areas Act, will be only too pleased to get out. To the Indians, in a torment of anxiety, the newspaper offered no hint of what these intimidating effects would be. If they decided to stay and see it through they are to have no political rights "because they looked to a foreign power to assist them." Surely this M.P. knows that the Government came to a friendly agreement with that foreign power, and that Dr. Malan declared that the Indians "will remain a part of the permanent population." How could he, then, calmly disclose the existence of a scheme to goad more than a million, permanent, tax-paying South African citizens into abandoning everything in order to flee from intolerable conditions in the land where 90 per cent of them were born, and seek refuge in another which is only a name on the map for most of them? If the story is true, it is surprising that the Government did not choose a minister to announce a matter of such moment. He might have been able to explain why it was going back on Government pledges and on Dr. Malan's considered words.

A. M. MACCRINDLE

VENOM'S HOUR

*He could not know, poor little boy,
The scream was harmless, just a Venom plane
Crashing across on daily exercise,
Cleaving its pathway through the peaceful skies.
To him its scream was terror, and his joy
Abruptly ended as in unison
He screamed and wept against the unknown bane,
Fearful through mother comfort and the fun
Of life and limb when not yet two years old.
What bitterness of Man's invention's swoop!
To what dark devil is his spirit sold?
Of what strained presage is his future dupe?
Will—one day—screams from many a thousand throats
Be the wild music of War's earth-struck notes?
And yet these terrible coursers from above
Are framed to daunt the enemies of Love—
We all are children crying in affright,
Groping in darkness, praying for the light.*

GORELL

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE BOURGEOIS KING

No less glamorous or regal a monarch has reigned in France or anywhere else than Louis Philippe, son of the regicide *Egalité* and last King of the French. Yet the story of a rather dull person becomes exciting if he lives through such earth-shaking events as the French Revolution, the Napoleonic era, the revolution of 1830 which raised him to the throne, and the revolution of 1848 which drove him into exile. There are some useful biographies in French, and a large-scale survey of the reign by Thureau-Dangin, one of the classics of French historical scholarship which, curiously enough, the author does not include in her bibliography. Her task is facilitated by the wealth of memoirs and journals which bring the actors back to life and which she turns to excellent account. The book is obviously designed for the general reader and the narrative goes with a swing. It is written in short staccato paragraphs, presumably to make it look more immediate, as if the news had just come through on the tape machine. Half the volume is claimed by the 57 years before his accession, the early years in the Palais Royal under the eye of Mme. de Genlis his governess, membership of the Jacobin club, his active service in the armies of the Republic, the years of exile and poverty, the sojourn in Sicily. The fall of Napoleon restored him to his old home and the enormous wealth of the House of Orleans.

The author combines uninhibited delight in her task with outspoken contempt and indeed something like repulsion for the central figure. Not merely is it a story without a hero, it is rather a drama with a villain, and the villain is Louis Philippe himself. As an ardent Legitimist she can never forgive "the usurper" who broke his promise of loyalty to Charles X. "Assure the King," he had declared, "that never will I accept the Crown. Never. Nothing could persuade me to do such a thing." St. Peter's disloyalty was forgiven, but for the moral failure of Louis Philippe there is no pardon in these wrathful pages. The last of the Bourbon Kings—who "had learned nothing and forgotten nothing" when he returned in 1815—had dug his own grave by the Polignac Ordinances dissolving a newly-elected Chamber and muzzling the press. While she, like everyone else, condemns this crazy act, she writes about his successor as the Jacobites had written about William of Orange. Even if the old King had to go was not his grandson heir to the throne? When the Crown was offered to the elderly Orleans prince should he not have refused on the ground that the youthful Comte de Chambord had a prior claim? The French people, however, or, to be more precise, the politicians and journalists of the capital, had had enough of the Bourbons with all the dark memories of the *ancien régime*. By 1830 the reign of the nobility and the Church was over, and the bourgeoisie, who had dominated the scene since 1789, preferred a bourgeois Monarchy. Though the "citizen King" inspired little affection and not very much respect, he gave them what they wanted for 18 years: peace, except in Algeria, and rapid industrial advance. Finally, in the words of Lamartine, France became bored, and he too was hustled from the throne. While Charles X, we are told, had made a dignified and leisurely retirement, his successor fled like a hunted rat, disguised as Mr. Smith. Here is the author's merciless verdict: "Louis Philippe's life was a perpetual attempt to disguise his true feelings. His aim was to make England believe that he was a strong Anglophile, France that he was the greatest patriot, the Royalists a staunch Royalist, and the Republicans one of themselves. It was a difficult rôle to keep up and the result was that nobody trusted him. . . . All his life he had craved for the grandeur and dignity of kingship and now that he was nearly there he knew that he was nothing but a puppet of the people, a rag doll."

At the side of this unkingly figure stood two women, his sister and his wife.

The author dislikes Adelaide as heartily as her brother, depicting her as equally ambitious, equally unscrupulous, and possessed of a far stronger will. In 1830 she played the part of Lady Macbeth, gingering the man who felt at any rate a twinge of conscience. After these indictments it is a relief to turn to Queen Marie Amélie, Neapolitan granddaughter of Maria Theresa, the heroine of the story, perfect wife, perfect mother of a large family, and—what is more important in the eyes of the author—an impenitent Legitimist. That she should accept her husband's usurpation was inevitable, but her record is unstained. Some of the most interesting pages in this biography are filled with extracts from her journal.

The story closes with the announcement of the death of the fallen ruler at Claremont in a letter from his son the Duc de Nemours to Queen Victoria. "You who knew him, my dear cousin, will realise all that we are losing; you will understand the inexpressible grief with which we are overwhelmed. You partake in it, I feel sure." The Queen, who had never forgiven him for the incident of the Spanish marriages, ordered Court mourning and directed Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, to show "every attention to the afflicted Royal Family who have been so severely tried during the last two years." The biographer takes leave of her subject in a final acid sentence. "Thus expired, in his seventy-seventh year, a man who had been a royal prince, a Jacobin, a vagabond, a teacher of mathematics, a King, and finally a fugitive." The usurper, as she calls him, received at long last the punishment he deserved.

G. P. GOOCH

King of the French. By Agnes de Stoeckl. John Murray, 25s.

COSMOPOLITAN PATRIOT

"Patriot and Cosmopolitan": such is the description of Dimitri Stancioff on the title page of Lady Muir's life of her father. Nadejda Muir, who was herself often an official diplomatic interpreter and eventually Bulgaria's first woman diplomat, is now mourned by her friends, for she died before the publication of this her book. Dr. G. P. Gooch, who contributes a foreword, first knew him from the early years of this century when Dr. Gooch was an active member of the Balkan Committee; for in 1908 Dimitri for a time combined the duties of Bulgarian Minister in Paris and London. As the committee's secretary I also met him for the first time. In the 'twenties when Boris was king, Stancioff was Minister in London, and later, when Nadejda settled in Scotland as the wife of Sir Alexander Kay Muir, he was a frequent visitor.

In one way the astonishing thing was that Stancioff was a Bulgarian. The country was in those days extremely primitive. Sofia was just a big village. Its one poor hotel had no baths except mere *sitzbads*. The population consisted almost entirely of peasants. True, they had an unusually clever ruling prince, Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg Gotha, a grandson of Louis Philippe and therefore partly French, but a German at heart. His admirers thought him the shrewdest of diplomats; his critics labelled him Foxy Ferdinand. One agrees with the verdict on Stancioff of Stamboliski, leader of the Agrarian party and Prime Minister for the signing of the Neuilly Treaty: "I could understand that man perfectly if he were not a Bulgarian. But it is just as well that we should have got one like him."

How did they come to have him? His great-grandfather, Yani Stancioff, was a prosperous Bulgar, a Turkish subject, living in Berat, in Turkish Albania. About the end of the eighteenth century he migrated in wealth and comfort to Sistov, now in Bulgaria but then also under the Sultans. Here his grandson, Dimitri's father, made a fresh fortune as agent for the control of the Danube as an international waterway. The question naturally arises as to how a Christian Bulgar prospered so well under Turkish rule. The original Yani Stancioff, writes Lady Muir, had the title of Town Councillor in Berat "and the family

belonged to the class known to the people as *Tchorbadji*, from the Turkish *Tchorba* (soup), meaning a man who kept open house to aid the needy and those in trouble." Here I must enter a caveat. In my travels in Macedonia in its Turkish days I often heard the word *tchorbadji*. It was a word used by Macedonian Bulgars to express their contempt for other Bulgars who, in their view, "toadied" to the Turks. Being Irish, I was perfectly familiar with the word, for in Ireland those peasants who "toadied" to their landlords were known as "soupers," the exact equivalent of *tchorbadji*.

However, some of the very best of our nobility derive from ancestors who acquired their land by dubious means. Anyhow, it came about that the infant peasant State of Bulgaria had one man singularly handsome and, as his daughter puts it, "well-groomed, wearing his clothes with careless elegance, with his eyeglass, his grace, the lightness of his step, the perfection of his manners, his knowledge of so many languages and, above all, his wonderful ease." From his earliest years he accompanied his parents on European holidays. He had an Austrian governess and later was educated at the Theresianum, the Imperial Academy, in Vienna. In 1887 he entered the household of Ferdinand and on the Prince's birthday in the following year he became Chamberlain. A French countess, Anna de Grenaud, was lady-in-waiting to Ferdinand's French mother, Princess Clementine. In 1889 Stancioff married her gifted daughter. This was a real love match. In St. Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, Vienna and London the brilliant couple made the Bulgarian Legation a most popular centre during their occupation of it, and they produced, as well as other admirable children, a brilliant and beautiful daughter, Nadejda.

Stancioff was loyal to his Prince, later his King, and to his country. But he himself was an ardent Anglophil and after his marriage an ardent Francophil. In his various posts his most trusted friends were Sir Charles Hardinge, Sir Arthur Nicholson, Sir George Buchanan and Colonel Napier. Had Stancioff had his way, Bulgaria would have sided with the Allies in the First World War. But the call of Ferdinand's Coburg blood was German, and Ferdinand believed also in the Kaiser's will to victory. The Stancioffs were also attracted to Britain by the eager championship of Bourchier, *The Times'* Balkan correspondent, and the partiality for Bulgaria of Noel Buxton's and Lord Bryce's Balkan Committee. The Committee professed to be impartial but, as I found on my travels, its name was mud in Athens and Belgrade. When world war came we had regretfully to recognise that Ferdinand had turned some of our Bulgar lambs into wolves. The book is admirably illustrated and indexed.

ARTHUR MOORE

Dimitri Stancioff. By Nadejda Muir. John Murray. 25s.

FRANK BUCHMAN'S ROLE

It has been the role of the great spiritual pioneers to stand before kings and governors. The ruler and the statesman are concerned for the welfare of their people. The spiritual pioneer is equally concerned—more so, because he has taken the world on his heart. Frank Buchman in the twentieth century lives this out. He is the great world statesman of this age, who quite naturally, wherever he goes, is received by premiers and heads of State. *America Needs an Ideology* records the effectiveness of his statesmanship in the present crisis of human affairs. It records also what many other people have done who have taken his challenge and found the same commitment. It tells of the Africans at the Moral Rearmament Assembly at Caux in 1955 who responded to his thought, "the people of Africa have a message to give to the world," and of the play *Freedom*, which has since played to packed houses in Europe and America. It is now making screen history as a film which, in the words of a Hollywood critic, is "astounding with its discovery of the key to real unity and freedom

not only among the Africans themselves but all peoples." For Frank Buchman shows to a marked degree that supreme quality of the spiritual pioneer, the ability to set not merely individuals but groups of people and even whole nations on the move towards a new goal. He is a man with an ideology, using the word in its modern sense—a faith in a set of basic principles, together with a determination to remake the world in accordance with them. These principles are the absolute moral standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love; and the guidance of God as the normal, daily means whereby each person finds his place in remaking the nation and the world.¹

Frank Buchman had a talk with U Nu, Prime Minister of Burma, which he describes as "a time as memorable as I ever spent with any statesman." This was the prelude to U Nu's resignation from the premiership for a year in order to devote himself to purging his party of corruption.

It is those new trends in Asia which Frank Buchman recently described in a world broadcast on the occasion of his seventy-ninth birthday, "Ideas are God's Weapons for a New World." What is true of Asia is true also for Africa, Europe and America. *America Needs an Ideology* is rich in evidence of the transforming effect of this approach on many difficult racial and political situations, as on the problems of family life and juvenile delinquency. This is a book for everyone since it deals with the heart of those questions on whose answer depends the future of us all.

R. C. MOWAT

America Needs an Ideology. By Paul Campbell and Peter Howard. Muller, 4s.

EDITH SITWELL'S COLLECTED POETRY

Dame Edith Sitwell has had to suffer in the manner of all deeply imaginative writers whose vision is expressed in a new and living language. As time went on the "outrageous" images and astounding rhythmical devices of *Façade* began to be, if not entirely understood, at least accepted. A generation for whom Picasso, Stravinsky and Joyce were established classics had fewer prejudices to obstruct its enjoyment. Even in those early-middle years the rich fun of *Façade* and the whimsical grace of the *Bucolic Comedies* were not the entire story. In the haunting, delicate witchery of "The Sleeping Beauty" were hints of a shuddering reality beyond the dream. It came out in those long, stretched rhythms that were to characterize the later poems:

Thus spoke the men; then sleep came colder than the rose
Blooming in desolation. . . . No one knows

The end there is to dust—it is the soul that shall survive them at the last.

Then in 1929, when we were sitting pretty midway through our no-man's-land of peace, the wizardly, witty poet of *Façade* wrote "Gold Coast Customs." What was to be made of that? She gave one clue: these were the century-old blood rites practised in Ashanti; comfortably remote in time and place. The poem could be enjoyed now as a fantastical rhythmic play of bones and skulls and cannibal drums, packed with magnificent sound and fury signifying—*what?* The clue had been faced round the wrong way, for "Gold Coast Customs" is a clanging prophecy; its horror has become the horror of our world. All its "waywardness" hardens into terror, profound warning, and denunciation, with their undertones of irony and overtones of compassion. To wrap this urgent soothsaying in an aural dance of words and metrical patterns called for an exceptional blend of vision with technical power.

After the war began, Dame Edith's poems underwent a further development. Technically there was a slowing up and lengthening of the rhythmic beat. In mood there was a deepening of tragic sense, and in vision an immense extension into the universe of space and time—an extension whereby all experience was perceived to move in cycles; as night to day and winter to spring, so corruption and disintegration hold a seed of plant or beast or planet, and death itself is an

incident on the long road of recurrence:

... Death merely strikes the hour of one—
Night's creeping end ere light begins again ...

It is no complacent philosophy, but a hope and spiritual confidence. The long rhythmic line seems to reach out towards these through the cataclysmic dust raised by the first atomic explosion, as commemorated in "The Shadow of Cain." In face of that "gulf ... torn across the world" a poet who had foreseen disaster so long before had either to be silent in despair, or attain to a more apocalyptic vision of a world in which there appeared to be no more love, for "gone is the heart of man."

This later work has floored some of Dame Edith's reviewers, who find it pleasanter to scoff than to make an effort. The effort needs to be made; the images are unfamiliar because the vision they crystallize is not a homely one. In her introductory notes—so revelatory of a poet's handling of sounds and textures that all aspirants to verse should study them—Dame Edith cites Cocteau as saying that a work of art without a plot is suspect to the majority. Similarly, readers of poetry look for the personal utterances. Yet, even the grandest of those outcries—Shelley's "I fall upon the thorns of life," Clare's "I am, but what I am ...," Emily Brontë's "No coward soul is mine"—limit their range by posing one dramatic figure against the universe. The complete poetic awareness sweeps up the self triumphantly into the great orderly swing of natural laws. Dame Edith's earlier poems were laced with personalities. Who could resist the hovering poignancy of Colonel Fantock, that "old military ghost"? Even "Gold Coast Customs" had its Negro, and its frightful Lady Bamburgher.

But the classical names in the post-war poems are symbols. They have taken on their secondary, universal meaning, in a tale whose drama is for all mankind. Certain recurrent images, like symphonic themes, unite and shape the poems: the zero of intense cold; dust; the fires of spring; the gold of kings or wheat-ears; the movements of planets. To track one example: the heart of man, since the atomic explosion, has become the stone that Sisyphus rolls endlessly upward, associated too with the image of Atlas wearily holding up the world. In the last poem of this volume—the latest to be written—that image is shinningly transmuted: the long rhythmic line has pushed out to its goal. The "Elegy for Dylan Thomas" is not, in spite of some delicious portraiture, a reversion to the personal. It stands with the great elegies of our language in its dismissal of death as a mere barrier to richer and broader living. "He holds the rays of the universe to his stilled breast ..." and sees, having burst out from mortal limitations, "the planetary system in the atom."

SYLVA NORMAN

Collected Poems. By Edith Sitwell. Macmillan. 25s.

NOVELS

Miss Sylva Norman has chosen, as the subject of her exuberant novel *Tongues of Angels*, the modern passion for throwing International Conferences like parties. It is the fashion for contemporary "heroes" to be unheroic—we should rather term them victims—and Miss Norman's tragi-pathetic Küssen-macht, who has the sweat of organizing yet another conference while the shadowy, god-like Claud Bastien pulls the strings, is in the tradition; a human symbol of futility. The goings-on at the conference are hair-raising and chaotic, which is doubtless true to life, but in the nature of Miss Norman's chosen form—fantastic satire—the people involved are caricatures rather than characters in the round. Miss Norman's inventiveness and sparkle are as unflagging as Miss Honor Tracy's—which is saying something—and those who appreciate her wit and share her prejudices will have a high old time. Even those not on a beam with her must award her marks for puncturing the pundits.

Mr. Robin Jenkins is one of the more promising of the younger school who

write of life among the Scots. In his latest novel, *The Missionaries*, the police are the eponymous characters whose duty it is to evict an apocalyptic sect of crofters from an island called Sollas that would seem to be very close to Coll. (Is Mr. Jenkins being topical, or is it just coincidence that a queer sect called The Nameless Ones recently hit the headlines from Mull?) Here is true storytelling in contrast to Miss Norman's erudite literary high jinks. We find in the tale a curious, puritanical revulsion from, yet fascination with, sex. Mr. Jenkins is refreshingly clear-eyed about fashionable humbug and liberal attitudes and shows, at times, deep insight into the moods and motives and desperate dilemmas of youth. The love interest is a little Stanley Weymanish and callow and there are traces at times of typical Sassenach condescension towards the West Highlander. Mr. Jenkins' police and his two clerks, Nigg and Quorr—he is a thought too fantastical on names—are symbolical human properties. He deals death as love hurled his thunderbolts and the end of the book is unsatisfactory because it is too contrived and sudden, not an organic development of the plot. *The Missionaries* is an uneven book but its humour and occasional profundities show that Mr. Jenkins has matured considerably as a writer since the publication of his early, starkish novel, *Happy for the Child*.

Second novels that really show development, fulfilling an initial promise, are rare. So often they only mark time for the money or repeat what was said before or prove their author to be *homo uni libris*. Mr. Randolph Stow's *The Bystander*, is a better, more adult book than his precocious first novel, *A Haunted Land*, which was a Gothic extravaganza, brilliant but derivative, set in Australia at the time of the South African War. *The Bystander* is more or less contemporary and its plot deals with the impact of a beautiful Baltic refugee, numbed by her past, on old stock Australians, isolated and brooding, among whom are a crippled, embittered bastard and a sympathetic but tricky idiot, the bystander of the title, whose tragedy it is to become involved. A miasma of unhappiness and impending tragedy hangs over Mr. Stow's arid West Australian landscape. The most recent influences on him seem to be of the young Aldous Huxley period so perhaps there is a literary time lag to the Antipodes. He is a keening rather than an angry young man. He may well become Australia's first major novelist.

A selection of M. Marcel Aymé's short stories has been published with a somewhat hectoring introduction by Mr. Norman Denny, the translator, and an unpleasant but perhaps not inappropriate jacket design by Michael Ayrton. "Rue de l'Evangile" is a cold *conte* written with brilliant economy and reminiscent of de Maupassant but too often in his tales M. Aymé button-holes us with a snigger and a leer and his laughter, though it may be corrective, is rather mocking than compassionate. "Martin the Novelist" is a goodish joke that goes on too long about the relationship of the Novel to Life. "The Dwarf" is a delicately told fairy story with an edge of Gallic wit and, like all fairy stories, a moral. In "The State of Grace" M. Aymé indulges in a tasteless anti-clerical romp but in "The Seven-League Boots" shows real insight into small boys' minds. M. Aymé's gimmick—mixing realism with magic and fantasy—becomes a form of literary cheating and laziness. He can be as mechanical as O. Henry. Doubtless one would appreciate these stories better if Mr. Denny had not done M. Aymé the disservice of overpraising them. The title story, that has been made into a successful film, is at times as atmospheric as Simenon. Its ending, like so many of M. Aymé's endings, is unsatisfactory. This is probably because M. Aymé tends to think up his stories rather than creatively imagining them.

LUKE PARSONS

- Tongues of Angels*. By Sylva Norman. Secker & Warburg. 18s.
The Missionaries. By Robin Jenkins. Macdonald. 13s. 6d.
The Bystander. By Randolph Stow. Macdonald. 13s. 6d.
Across Paris. By Marcel Aymé. The Bodley Head. 15s.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

A title like *GO SPIN, YOU JADE!* (C. A. Watts. 15s.) hints at doughtiness, frustration and triumph in the long saga of woman's emancipation and D. L. Hobman's studies do not fall short of expectation. Between the influences of Renaissance and Industrial Revolution—from the assertion of the importance of the individual to the superseding of brute strength by machinery, from the learning that was modish for sixteenth century ladies to the practical application of education in the nineteenth—Mrs. Hobman traces the struggle for political equality that became associated with the names of Mill, Fawcett, Fry, Pankhurst, Rathbone and a host of others. How far petticoat authority has disappointed the pioneers—in the hope of peace on earth for example—the author finds it too early to say. In social progress, particularly the welfare of children, the signs of good are more certain. A reading of her book should make the uncaring, the complacent, the ignorant of the sex ashamed, and proud, and grateful, and resolved to be vigilant.

Island in the sun

A reading of *MY MOTHER WHO FATHERED ME* (George Allen & Unwin. 18s.) should awaken thankfulness in the most thoughtless Western woman for the happier accident of birth. Edith Clarke, the Administrative Secretary of the Board of Supervision in control of poor relief throughout Jamaica, presents the research of a trained anthropologist into the family life of three communities of peasants and working class in Sugartown (single-crop high earnings alternating with bare subsistence), Orange Grove (farming with higher and more even incomes), and Mocca (extreme poverty). "Emancipation" here means from slavery, where "the residential unit in the plantation system was formed by the mother and her children with the responsibility for their maintenance resting with the slave-owner. The father's . . . role might, indeed, end with procreation," and in the is-

land today the institution of concubinage has helped to give this most objective and yet sympathetic book its drive and aim. "It is of first importance to Jamaica," says Sir Hugh Foot in the Preface written while he was still Governor, and its publication in the countries who are now receiving thousands of Jamaican workers is of first importance too, as an aid to comprehension and tolerance.

Living together

Jamaica's welfare and agricultural associations have an honourable place in "An Introductory Study with Special Reference to the Tropics" called *COMMUNITIES AND THEIR DEVELOPMENT* (Oxford University Press. 15s.). T. R. Batten, lecturer in the subject at London University, compares the methods of many government and voluntary organisations, and does not forget throughout that groups contain men, women and children, with hopes and fears, loves and hates, and attitudes to work and to one another. His evaluation includes an admirable distinction between bad community and good, the second being "a place that people like living in because it provides the conditions in which they can lead satisfying lives." But the criterion is not easy to apply to the bewilderment of those who "do not know how to adjust themselves to changing conditions," and there is sage advice for the community worker whose foes are the power-hungry, the passive follower, and the marginal member. Whoever goes to work where coloured people dwell will be the wiser for having packed this inspiring little volume.

Repression or trust

And whoever goes to work among erring humanity should find *PRISONS I HAVE KNOWN* (George Allen & Unwin. 18s.) a mentor and friend. Mary Size has lately retired from the Governorship of Askham Grange, the first women's open prison, and she started her service at Manchester in 1906. What to the public might seem like startling innovation, to her is but

one more heartening indication of the gradual change in attitude and treatment. With experience enlarged by early borstal experiment at Aylesbury, by Leeds, Liverpool and Holloway, and with the desire of 50 years to teach prisoners constructively and happily as well as usefully, she has seen her own axiom—"Education in its widest sense must be the keynote of reform, and the environment in which this takes place is of primary importance"—ever more widely put into practice. Hers, as the Rt. Hon. J. Chuter Ede says in his praiseful Foreword, is an account "of unremitting faith."

Floating cages

The Secretary of the Howard League for Penal Reform writes the commending Foreword of *THE ENGLISH PRISON HULKS* by W. Branch-Johnson (*Christopher Johnson*, 18s.) who tells the history of these vessels, many of them famous, which ended their days as gaols, moored in Thames Estuary, Portsmouth Harbour or Plymouth, or in Government dockyard at Bermuda. The last of them in English waters was destroyed by fire at Woolwich but a hundred years ago, and a degrading chapter of disease, suffocation, floggings and bullying was closed (another was opened with the building of the Pentonvilles on land). The illustrations include a horrifying hammock plan, and in such crowded conditions, as the author shows, guards could become as brutalised as prisoners. Although John Howard campaigned against these hulks, their story will be for many readers a new and nightmarish one.

Shakespeare's England

Dungeons and priest-holes of earlier years seem by comparison cosy, and much of *ELIZABETHANS AT HOME* (*Stanford University Press and Oxford University Press*, 70s.) qualifies as light relief. Lu Emily Pearson, Professor of English Literature in the San Jose State College of California, has for years been imbued with the delightful idea of presenting our ancestors in the

habit and ritual of daily life. Without neglecting their buildings and gardens, their children and their kitchens, she surveys the whole vast and less familiar background out of which all that astonishing writing grew. The relationships of fathers and mothers to sons and daughters, the preparation for marriage, the founding and maintaining of a home, the changes wrought by death, are faithfully described; so are the chairs that came slowly to the use of common people, the tippets they wore, the sorrel juice with which the housewife cleaned her hands, the tin or horn or silver plates, the embroidery on a doublet or a carpet, the simple wainscoting or the fine paneling, the dancing of pavan and courant, the lusty sermons of William Whateley, the card-gambling of the rich, the dominoes of the poor, the Londoners who used the Thames for transport, and the pedlars who shouted their wares in the narrow streets. Through and about it all, and underlying the explorations into a wider world or into the realm of literature, ran the sense that "the home was the chief steadying influence," and in the swirl and confusion at the century's end, it was this that saved "the people from the dissipation of their faculties." Seldom can a volume so large from America have been so lively.

A stilled voice

Another lively book about the life and ways of a rival race of explorers wins the contest for the rest of the space here. It was fitting surely that a car accident should have caused Roy Campbell's death; one cannot imagine the man tamely abed waiting, and there is no dimming of the fierce spirit in *PORTUGAL* (*Max Reinhardt*, 21s.) his last book. It smells of oranges, figs, lemons and cork bark and glows with the bright flowers of that shining country he had made his home. Fishing, wines, horses, prose, cattlemen, Lisbon and poetry he discourses upon in his own resplendent style, marred irretrievably by the violence of his prejudices.

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